



messing
about in
BOATS

Volume 27 – Number 2

June 2009

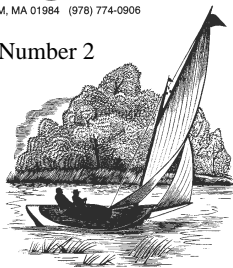
Special Features This Issue
“The Fabulous Fiasco” – “Silver Waves in the Arctic”
“Goings on at Lucas Boat Works”
“Wild About Whirlwinds” – “Stubby and Her Pendulum Rig”



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Three years ago this spring we lost Robb White in his prime, a sad event for all who knew him. While his loss was most grievous for his family and closest friends, Robb had established a wide-ranging connection with many who read and enjoyed his writings. We still hear from readers renewing their subscriptions about how much they miss Robb on our pages.

Aware of how many people treasured and enjoyed his views on those topics he chose to discuss over the years he regularly contributed to our pages, his family has joined with Breakaway Books to put together a compilation of Robb's best work. The book, *Flotsam and Jetsam*, will be available by the end of June at bookstores or from Breakaway directly. It will provide anyone who read his writing in the past with it all in one handy place for reference and renewed enjoyment. And those who may have heard of Robb but came too late on the scene to have read his work, it is sure to be a revelation, "The Collected Adventures, Opinions, and Wisdom from a Life Spent Messing About in Boats."

Robb stayed with us for nine years, contributing 209 essays. He never moved on to the "big time." A few of his essays appeared in *WoodenBoat*, *Maine Boats & Harbors* (then), and in a book, *How to Build a Tin Canoe*, published in 2004 by a Disney subsidiary. Many who enjoyed his writing were unaware that for a long time he had written an essay for each issue of the *Smithsonian* magazine. That came to an end when the editor who appreciated what he had to say retired and new blood decided that what he wrote wasn't what they wanted in the prestigious publication. It was the *Smithsonian*'s loss, Robb shrugged it off and got on with what he wanted to do.

I never got to meet Robb, the 1,200 miles between us were never bridged and we talked only a couple of times on the phone. Instead we carried on correspondence as neither of us were internetters. We shared the view of why hurry, enjoy life at the pace that felt best. As we were both self-employed without employees such an approach to life was possible. I was looking forward to, at last, meeting Robb at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival in Maryland in the fall of 2006 when he was scheduled to be the featured speaker, sadly he was gone by then.

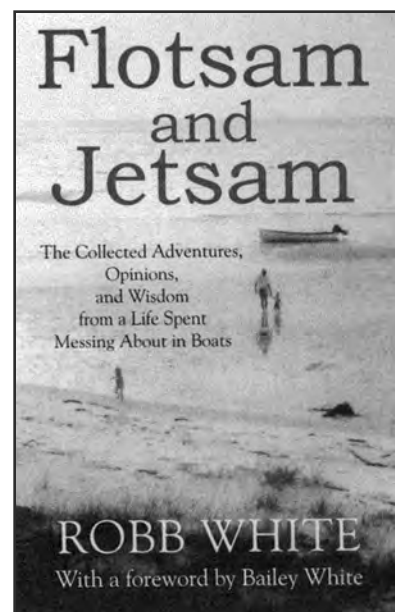
Garth Battista, publisher of Breakaway Books, sent along a long list of words that Robb had used in his writings that baffled

the spell check system in their computers and required a tickler list to be certain they were spelled right in the text when it was typeset. This is not uncommon when a subject has so much jargon familiar only to those who pursue it, and boating has a lot of jargon. But some of Robb's words were pure Robb and I picked a few out of the over 250 on Garth's list:

Bejesus, butt-head skiff, button bush, campecheinsis quahog, cattywompus, choke rig, doodad, doohickey, epoxify, goddamighty, goddamn, goddammit, jackleg, jimmy-john, Joe-harrow, limesink, mis-lick, mumbleypeg, pelecypod, redbellies, re-stomped, skeedaddle, skiffboat, stagger bush, whichaway, wigglework wo-outy.

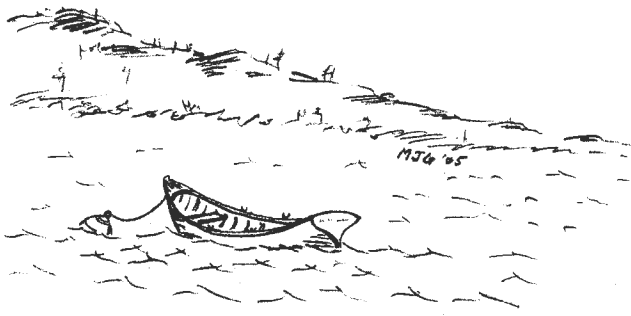
You knew what he meant when you encountered these words from the context and they enlivened his writing style. Robb's writing was that sort that comes across like he is right there talking to you, you find yourself wanting to respond to his remarks. When you read (or re-read) the essays in *Flotsam and Jetsam*, see if you don't find yourself wanting to do just that, respond, talk with Robb about what he has to say. Robb is gone but his writing lives on, a valuable legacy for all of us who enjoy messing about in boats.

(See the Breakaway Books ad on page 25 for contact information)



On the Cover...

Gail Ferris rejoins us in this issue with some more of her arctic kayaking photos and comments. The degree of intimidation projected by these waters and shorelines vies with their stark beauty to attract a few adventurous paddlers, great respect for what can happen is necessary to truly enjoy the natural arctic wilderness.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

A friend of mine owned a little restaurant just up Chester Creek where the making tide bulges beneath the causeway and the haughty swans nest amid the cattails. Two main roads intersect there so business prospered, at least during the clement seasons. It never mattered to me, back then, what time of day or time of year prevailed. I secluded, most months, in a little shack on an island in the river. I hadn't a neighbor in any direction for half a mile or more. To call the summer idyllic equates to painting strawberries red. Winter proved more primal, stark, austere. When twilight dragged the premature day behind the hemlocked hills, I lit my Coleman lamp and read or sat on the frozen riverbank to watch the dark congeal.

When overwhelmed by evening's length, I fostered unnatural cravings for civilization. Then I would tuck my slim canoe into a fold of the river. I owned a small kerosene lantern with a corrugated lens. It didn't suffice to see by, it served as a running light. Most of the time I found it quite superfluous. After all, Chester Creek lay only two miles downriver with nightly traffic nearly non-existent. A mile up the meandering creek I could haul out my canoe behind the restaurant.

Within I found warmth, hot food, and a cheerful waitress. Having regaled myself with each of these, I would venture into the village and listen to the musicians at the inn or visit with friends. It proved a welcome change from rocking on my cabin porch and waiting as the crippled night crept past. Then I would walk the mile back to the darkened restaurant, thence to enjoy a three-mile paddle isleward. Chester Creek can grow very dark and lonely on deep winter nights. Some nights were so dark I needed to lean down into the water and count the turtle tails to know where to turn. When I reached the river, I only hoped the tide had finished ebbing.

Fighting a northerly winter wind, as well as the current and tide, requires one to put aside all reluctance to exertion. But when the incoming tide backed up the river, when the placid wind lay curled amid the rushes, at times such as these I relished a free ride home. Then I might paddle gently, steer and muse, admire the night.

Two towns from the sea, the river runs slowly here, a quarter mile wide with woody banks, occasional stately houses, narrow islands. On the Chester shore the ferry, fast in her slip 'til April, rubs her rail affectionately against the creaking pier. On the Hadlyme side, the castle broods, 200' above the black, black channel. On a new moon night, the castle appears a denser form against the impenetrable mass of darkness above.

With a full moon at zenith the south running river becomes a shimmering, ivory path dividing the dusky shores, the taller oaks reach silhouettes against the spangled sky. Then sentience grows to its grandest. Just inhaling, on nights like these, proves more than enough to justify life on earth. From the castle, one can nearly touch the moon.

One calm winter night, when the stars seemed small and extremely far away, I met an oil tanker coming downriver. I could hear the throb of her diesels through the thin crisp air before I ever saw her. I removed my mittens and fumbled a wooden match to light my lantern. Halfway across the river I had more than sufficient water beneath my keel for an empty tanker. Here she came, she rounded Lord Island, ignored the channel, and rumbled straight down the river. About then her wakeful pilot sighted my tiny glimmer. Moments later his spotlight dazzled my eyes. Yes, a canoe, by golly. At 2:00 in the brittle morning. What sort of fool would venture out at this time of night, at this frigid time of year? Ask rather, at this intensive time of life?

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www.thewoodenboatshow.com

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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Atkin Owners Invited

WoodenBoat magazine is honoring John and William Atkin and their designs at this June's WoodenBoat Show. I would like to invite anyone who brings their Atkin boat to the show to be my guest at the banquet on Saturday evening. I thought it would be fun for us all to sit together. As of April we have eight nice Atkin boats coming, an interesting group which I think we all will enjoy meeting.

Pat Atkin, Atkin Boat Plans, Box 3005, Noroton, CT 06820, apatkin@aol.com, www.atkinboatplans.com

Build a Swampscott Dory

The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding's summer workshop series kicks off on July 10 this year. The eight-part workshop series will build a 16' Swampscott dory from beginning to end, from lofting to oar making. The Swampscott dory is a historically important boat used for fishing because it could be launched directly into the ocean from the beach. Today it makes a great recreational boat for rowing and less serious fishing.

The workshops are instructed by full-time instructor Richard Wilmore and include lofting, set up, lapstrake planking, steam bending, fitting out, finishing, and oar making. You can enroll in the entire series or take an individual workshop in your area of interest.

Dates: Weekends from July 10–August 30

Times: 9am–5pm each day

Place: Northwest School of

Wooden Boatbuilding

42 N Water St, Port Hadlock, Washington

More Information: View complete course descriptions and download registration forms

from our website: www.nwboatschool

phone: (360) 385-4948

email: info@nwboatschool.org

Elderhostel Intergenerational Canoe Trip in Maine

On August 2–7 be a part of a unique opportunity that lets you spend quality time with your grandchild while canoeing on the Rangeley Lakes in Maine. Wake to the call of loons, sleep on the edge of beautiful wild lakes. Enjoy the natural world at a leisurely pace while you and your grandchild learn camping and canoeing skills for a safe and memorable trip. You and your grandchild will relax, make new friends, and spend that special time together that is often lost in the hectic pace of everyday living. Sleep in tents and learn the art of outdoor cooking.

During the trip there will be ample time for natural history observations, bird watching, astronomy, and animal habitats. This trip is fully outfitted and includes transportation, canoes, cooking gear, group equipment, instruction, delicious food, and lots of good, safe adventure all provided by the capable staff of Hulbert Outdoor Center.

For information contact

Hulbert Outdoor Center

2968 Lake Morey Rd, Fairlee, Vermont 05045

(802) 333-34059

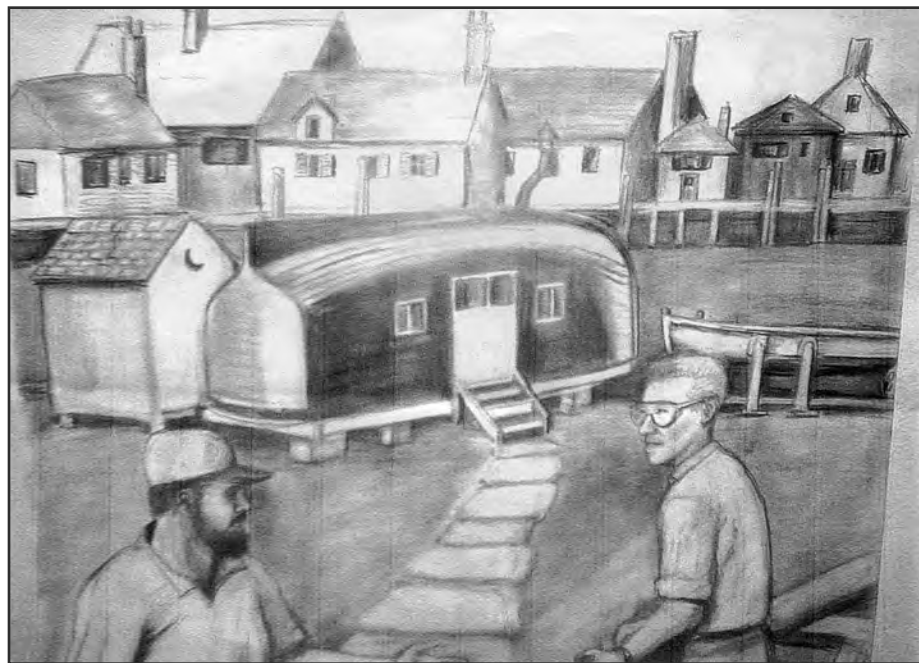
www.alohafoundation.org/hulburt or

www.elderhostel.org (program4758)

Information of Interest...

Facing the Economic Downturn

Your "Commentary" in the April issue seems to indicate that our small boating community can face up to the news about the downturn. I hope that my cartoon of the wooden pilot boat conversion is not too gloomy.



This particular pilot boat actually still stands right side up in my local boatyard. A faded sign on her stern reads "Falmouth." Somebody replaced a few planks on her hull and then gave up.

Marty Sokolinsky, Brooklyn, NY

Information Wanted...

Leads Needed

In a past issue I read a note from Walter Head about his design for a knockdown shed/houseboat cabin. His response to my inquiry was that he is no longer in a position to offer me information on this due to health issues. I wonder if any readers may have obtained any information from Walter earlier who could pass it on to me?

I'm also interested in a design by Leonard Satz (long since deceased) who sold an odd little 14'x5'6" boat made for open water cruising to a Dan Parrott. Does anyone know of this boat or how to reach Dan Parrott?

Herbert Diaz, C85543, PO Box 589Y228, Soledad, CA 93950-0589

Opinions...

Get Rid of It?!

I'm always a bit behind your other readers. Could be that the Pony Express guy has to ride all the way to the end of the trail down here in San Diego at the far lower left corner of the country to deliver my copy of *MAIB*. More likely it's the deal I have with Roger here in the marina store. I encourage him to read my copy before he puts it into our mailbox. And since his store is pretty much our local social center, I figure more of the collective wisdom gets disseminated to other boat people that way. Maybe I'm behind ev-

erybody else and probably out of step as well. But like I said, I couldn't believe my eyes when I got to the end of Kevin Harding's prescription (Op Ed, April '09) for our onrushing lean years.

By his own admission, Mr. Harding's letter sweater sleeve can't be more than a couple numbers (graduating classes) behind my own. We came up through the boating "ranks" pretty much at the same periods of our culture's development. And I really do understand his Rules 1 through 5 being the subject and subtext of our future as messengers. Certainly boats don't get used as often as they should. Maintenance is rarely a joy. Finding time on the water is never totally simple. Cost? West Marine was started as an experiment in wealth redistribution right after the Bolshevik Revolution turned sour. And it takes increasingly more Motrin to keep the oars feathered. But, Bob, "...get rid of it!?"

I figure all boat folks suffer from multiple personality disorder. Like most psychological "conditions" this split personality manifests itself differently from victim to victim. However, buried in each of our psyches is this three-part phenomenon. Each one of us who belongs to a boat, or boats, is at once a sailor, boat owner, and boat builder in varying parts. Almost none of us performs each of these roles equally well or with equal enthusiasm. For some it's all about "being on the water." For others it's the daydreaming and studying and downright anthropomorphic connection they feel for the boat herself. And finally, for a whole lot of us out there

the actual building and modifying and design work takes on a life quite separate and distinct from the other two. But it all comes as a whole package for everyone who chooses to do this thing we call "boating." No, "Rules 1 through 5" are the real reasons we choose to KEEP our boats, love our boats, "have" our boats. Certainly not why anybody, anybody I know at least, would justify getting rid of one. We're not talking about used paper napkins or hockey socks.

Share. Loan. Teach. Trade, maybe. Join a new group. But get rid of a boat because "it" doesn't do whatever you once thought "it" should be doing, now that your back hurts, your income is less, your calendar is more crowded, and you've re-discovered that sand-paper makes your fingers sore? C'mon now.

Dan Rogers, Chula Vista, CA ("Father" of *Fiddler's Green*, *Plum Duff*, *Lady Bug*, *Limerick*, *Blarney*, *Paint Bucket*, and all the others)

Advantages of the Laser Sailboat

Forget the crew. Race regularly, sail for fun, or hang it up in the garage. New vang, outhaul, and Cunningham system make it easier to sail. Multiple rigs adjust to skipper weight or wind strength. At Lake Eustis, Florida, we race in the morning and leave the afternoon free. At Lake Eustis we have 11-year-olds sailing against 80-year-olds. Six to ten minutes to get the boat rigged or to put it away. Half or less of the cost, unless you do Sunfish or Optimist pram. Most popular adult and youth sailing boat. Current worldwide number, 190,000. Racing around Florida, around your state, around US, around the world, and in the Olympics. Six continents and 122 countries. Local help available lots of places and in Eustis. Books, DVD, and clinics about how to sail the Laser. Race during the summer, frostbite, or come south and sail with us in the winter. Boat is a "hoot" to sail. Pile the whole family onboard. If you come by Lake Eustis we will loan you a boat. Tell your neighbors you sail the Olympic Boat.

Sam Chapin, Eustis, FL

1950s and '60s Best of Times

I enjoy *MAIB* very much. "Beyond the Horizon" by Hugh Ware holds my particular interest and provides enjoyment because of my time spent in ocean crossing and coastal shipping here as well as inland Europe in various capacities. Unfortunately standards of watch keeping and seamanship have deteriorated significantly since the 1950s and '60s. Accommodations and food, especially on the flag of convenience shipping, have also gone downhill while theft and piracy have increased considerably.

I think that the 1950s and '60s were the best of times to have worked at sea because both governments and shipping companies wanted to keep those who survived WWII convoys and ex-Navy personnel employed on their ships.

With all those now retired or passed on to where there are smooth seas, following winds, and isles with palm trees and welcoming maidens, it saddens me to realize that the present generation appears to have forgotten all the sacrifices made by those who went before and failed to safeguard the values that we fought for.

Be all this as it may, your magazine is a welcome breath of fresh air that reminds us all that there are still sane people around.

My basic interest is in adventuring with sailboats without engines. This is not to say that an engine does not help out occasionally, but I prefer to sail in and out of harbors under sail only as long as I am still capable of so doing.

I must also say that the Ontario Place Marina in Toronto (which I designed in 1969-70) and the Etobicoke Yacht Club west of Toronto on Lake Ontario have enacted rules that prohibit my sailing in and out because other boaters complained that my vessel impeded their speedy and uninterrupted progress as being under sail, I had the right of way.

At the Pigeon Lake Yacht Club in Bobcaygeon where I now sail my Halman 20 and other boats (14 altogether, my wife tells me) they tried this, too, a few years ago but it did not fly because of the many non-motorized scow sailors we have in the club.

I have sailed many boats from 100-ton leeboard Tjalken to schooners, Dragons, and decreasingly smaller boats. It is quite true that the smaller the boat, the more it gets sailed.

Bob Groot, Kinmount, ON

This Magazine...

"Knot of the Month"

I really enjoy your magazine, I'd like you to consider a small suggestion/request to run a monthly feature of a "Knot of the Month." This would show a knot, how to tie it, and the purpose for which it would be recommended. It could also include instructions on splicing. I remember my dad doing a lot of splicing but the rope is different today, he didn't have the nylon and Dacron cord.

Possibly, also, run an ongoing section on various woods and adhesives, maybe geared to those of us whose only practical access to lumber is Home Depot. Hopefully some of your readers who are well-versed in these areas will contribute such data.

John S. Smith, Hamilton, NJ

Editor Comments: My general rule for publishing how-to stuff is to run articles from readers about "how I did it" rather than "how to do it." There are plenty of books out there of the "how-to" genre, I like the personal experience versions from readers. As it happens, we have a review in this issue of the definitive knot tying classic reference, *The Ashley Book of Knots*, a far more effective way to learn knots than in monthly one-knot installments. We rely on contributions from readers on any and all topics for our content and are not able to "assign" any topic to anyone.

Appreciates the Power Boats

I really appreciated the articles on the racing power boats and that by the guy who made an outboard of his 26' Trojan. The best boat is the one getting used. I love to see such diversity on your pages.

Ted Burnham, Melrose, MA

Thanks to Dan

I want to thank Dan Rogers for his insightful and beautifully written article, "The Girl Already Knows How to Dance," in the March issue. Like fine poetry, it transmits genuine human feelings as well as sound ideas.

Fred W. Zinger, Boxborough, MA



Berkshire Boat Building School

Classes and Events for 2009

www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org

June 26-28 – Display/Demonstration

We'll be building a boat at the Wooden Boat Show, at the Seaport Museum in Mystic, CT.

July 6-10 Canoe Building – Week Course

In this 5-day course held in Sheffield, MA, in the Berkshires, you will build your own double paddle canoe, either an 11' solo or a 14' tandem – classic lightweight craft.

July 17-19 Canoe Building Short Course

Beginning on Friday evening and finishing about 4:00pm on Sunday, we will frame and skin a solo canoe. Then on Sunday afternoon we will raffle it off to the students for \$475 – less than half price. The winner will waterproof and varnish the boat on his or her own. Offered at Great Camp Sagamore, a true Adirondack treasure located in Raquette, NY – www.sagamore.org.

July 27-30 Canoe Building Week Course

Essex Shipbuilding Museum on the North Shore in Essex, MA, will host a five-day course described above.

August 8-9 Display/Short Course

Join us at the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum in Vergennes, VT, where we will have plans, partial kits and boats for sale – and possibly discounted boats. The Short Course is described above.

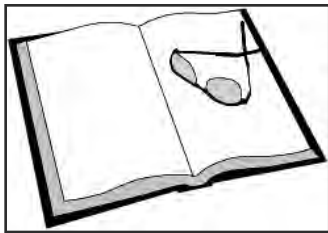
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Book Review

The Ashley Book of Knots

(Every practical knot, what it looks like, who uses it, where it comes from and how to tie it, with over 7,000 drawings representing 3,900 knots)

By Clifford W. Ashley
Doubleday, New York, 1944
And More Recent Editions
Hardcover, 8.5 x 11", 620 pp

Reviewed by Stuart K. Hopkins

Clifford Ashley was an artist and a sailor who developed a passion for knots. He was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, 1881, died in Westport, Massachusetts, 1947. He grew up when rope was part of everyday life. He got a pony at age seven on condition he learn to make the halter hitch. At nine he organized a little circus with playmates, cutting, sewing, and roping the "big top." As a teenager he frequented the waterfront, chatting up sailors and longshoremen and learning their knots. After art studies in New England he became a pupil of famous illustrator Howard Pyle and a member of the Brandywine school of art.

"When I reached a proper age," he records, "I went to sea and served my apprenticeship in knots aboard the whaling barque *Sunbeam*... From that day I have continued to collect knots wherever I could find them, and as unfamiliar sailors' knots became increasingly difficult to find I was attracted by the knots of other occupations. I hobnobbed with butchers and steeple jacks, cobblers and truck drivers, electric linesmen, Boy Scouts, and with elderly ladies who knit."

His six month's voyage on the *Sunbeam* resulted in a beautifully illustrated book, *The Yankee Whaler* (out of print, used copies of the original and of a 1990 Dover reprint are sometimes available on Amazon). He subsequently spent several weeks aboard a Delaware Bay oystering bugeye making images of a scene soon to vanish from the waters. "A fleet of perhaps 200 sharpies, pungies, bugeyes, canoes, schooners, and sloops, none with a motor, as the public beds are not open to power dredging." Thirty years on Ashley resolved to turn his vast collection of notes and sketches into a book. It took him 11 years.

The *ABOK* (as it is known in knotting circles) quickly became recognized as the greatest of all knot books. It is not only the standard reference ("Look it up in *Ashley's!*"), but because it is written and illustrated with wit, charm, and an unabashed nostalgia for the days when rope was rope, it's also a look into simpler times when honest labor created utility and commerce without diesel engines and hydraulic power. Skills with rope, tackles, hitches, and bends are remembered on nearly every page. Browsing the *ABOK* is a little like staring deeply into an impressionist painting, not just because of the painter's style but because the century-old scene he has painted is so alluring.

Ashley's up front about his nostalgia. In his introductory essay, "On Knots," he warns, "In the pages that follow, in order to save continual jumping between the past and present tenses, I shall speak in general as if square-rigged ships still sail the seas, as if Water Street and Front Street in every seaport town still teem with sailors. I, for one, wish it were so." A pity he didn't live to see the present revival of traditional craft and rigs, globe-circling barques, tall school ships, historic replica ships, dude schooners, maritime museums and their boat shops, traditional small craft of all kinds, each requiring and preserving those old-time skills of knotting, splicing, hitching, bend-

ing, seizing, lashing, and yes, even the occasional Turks's head to adorn the tiller head or king spoke.

Perhaps it's a mercy he didn't live to see the proliferation of anti-knot gadgetry invading the waterfront: hook and loop fender hangers, sail "ties" with plastic buckles ("don't tie it, buckle it!"), shock cord with dangerous metal or plastic hooks to replace truckers' hitches for binding loads, snap hooks to replace bowlines and buntline hitches. In a recent marine catalog I found dozens of these subversive substitutes for honest knots, created to seduce the lazy, ignorant, or unwary.

Besides being a good read wherever you open it, the *ABOK* is well organized for research with an exhaustive index, a really good glossary of terms pertaining to nautical knots and ropework, and a bibliography of knot books from Ashley's personal library.

The bulk of the book is organized into 26 chapters; Occupational Knots, Stopper Knots, Binding Knots, Bends, Belaying and Making Fast, Hitches to Masts, Rigging, and Cable, Decorative Knots, Puzzles and Tricks, etc. Explanatory text, often seasoned with anecdotes or comments on the qualities or history of each knot, is on one side of each set of facing pages, the numbered drawings of the knots and how to tie them occupy the other side. There are 20 special symbols (a stocked anchor for "Reliable," the deuce of clubs for "Unreliable," a star for "Best for the Purpose," a spouting whale for "Probably Original"). There are quite a few spouting whales scattered here and there, not surprising that Ashley discovered or invented a few knots of his own.

If you pick up the *ABOK* and don't have a length of small stuff handy, you'll probably soon wish you had. I find Ashley such a satisfying companion I've advised my wife to bring him to me, with the requisite fathom or two of cord, if I should find myself bedridden. He'd be my wish book if marooned. If the *ABOK* didn't weigh up toward four pounds I'd pop for a second copy to keep on our little cat yawl *Muskrat*, but she's already down on her lines.

Not content with discovering knots, Ashley invented ways to test and compare their strength and security. He built a trapdoor scaffold for repeated drops with a weighted sandbag, increasing the weight until the cordage broke, and a crank with eccentric to deliver repeated jerks to a knot. He tested knots wet and dry, in different fibers, in rope with right and with left hand lay. Take careful note that he didn't test knots in synthetic cordage because there was almost none in common use when he was writing his book. It follows that when safety is an issue (as it nearly always is on the water), one should choose the most reliable knots, seize down the end when in doubt, and give his splices an extra couple of tucks.





Light air at the start.

The Three Bridge Fiasco is my favorite race of the year. There are many reasons why this is so. First and foremost, it is a grand tour of the central San Francisco Bay, and because it is a large race (364 entrants, 345 that actually started this year) the grand tour often resembles a grand parade with a line of competitors stretching from one mark to the next. The freewheeling format, which allows competitors to cross the starting line in either direction, to round the three marks; Blackaller Buoy (Golden Gate Bridge), Red Rock (Richmond-San Rafael Bridge), and Yerba Buena Island (Bay Bridge) in any order and to finish in either direction encourages a joyful spirit that is sometimes lacking in sailboat racing. Adding to the joy, the format produces mayhem at the start with boats going every which way, mayhem at the mark roundings (especially Red Rock, where fleets sailing in opposite directions typically converge), and, in a good year, mayhem at the finish.

The Three Bridge Fiasco is a pursuit race, with slower boats starting first. Boats start continuously from 9:30am 'til almost noon based on their PHRF rating. In some years starting early is an advantage, in others it is not. It all depends on the wind, and since the race is run the last Saturday of January, the winds are often light and fickle and the currents are frequently strong. One year we watched almost the entire fleet get sucked out the Golden Gate on a strong ebb as we were anchored off the city front in dead calm, only to watch them rumble back down on top of us, riding a changing tide and a big westerly puff. But the winds are not always light. This being January, storms are not uncommon so some years there is more wind than anyone really wants.

As if mayhem, unpredictable winds, and strong tides and currents are not enough, the race is sponsored by the Singlehanded Sailing Society and the race is done either singlehanded or doublehanded. Sailing shorthanded puts a premium on sailing skills but doesn't put too large a dent in the skipper's sandwich budget. As a long-time boat owner, this seems to me a very good trade-off. The Fiasco is also a long race, approximately 21 miles, and it makes for a long day. Therefore, it is essential that I get along and work well with my crew. For this reason, I never sail the race singlehanded. I hate sailing with a whiner.

This year the weather was glorious and unseasonably warm, the tides and currents were moderate, and the wind was fickle early but filled in nicely in the afternoon. My crewmate was my long-time sailing partner, Ric, who has been sailing with me for more than 15 years. Ric is an ideal crewmate. He is a superb sailor, he thinks ahead, does not lose

The Fabulous Fiasco

By John Tuma

his temper, and is unflappable when all hell is breaking loose. He does not talk incessantly, though he is congenial and a good conversationalist when he feels so inclined. Ric does not tire of making micro-adjustments to sails and rigging and he is always thinking about how to make the boat go faster. I long ago gave up wondering why a guy like that is still sailing with me.

We did the race this year on my Express 34, *Green Onions*, a boat I have only owned since last March. We are still on the steep part of the learning curve. The boat has a PHRF rating of 99, which means it is fast, or will be when we get things figured out.

Our start was at 10:27:45. Allowing for slight variation between the time we had on the boat and the time being kept by the race committee, we planned to time our start for 10:28. This is not a race where one can chance being over early (defined as crossing the starting line within five minutes of the scheduled start). There is no way to make amends and a 20-minute time penalty will be added to our finish time. In the event we crossed the starting line at about 10:29.

The winds at the start were very light from the east and everyone appeared to be crossing the line from east to west, intending to round Blackaller first. Many boats were flying spinnakers, although the benefit appeared modest. We tacked out to the north to get away from the starting area and to pick up a boost from the last of the ebb.

"You want to set?" asked Ric. I looked behind us and considered the proposition.

Ric, before the race, in one of rare moments on the tiller.



"Yeah, I guess so. Maybe go with the 1/2oz." I looked up and saw Ric already on the foredeck attaching the starboard spinnaker halyard to the 1/2oz 'chute. He returned to the cockpit, set the pole, and handed me the tail from the halyard and then bounced back up to the mast to jump the halyard.

The effect of the spinnaker was instantaneous and gratifying. Our speed jumped from 0.5kt to 0.7kt, which meant that we could pick off Blackaller in just under an hour, assuming we got a slight current assist. At this rate we would be able to do the entire course in just about 21 hours. Even that proved to be optimistic. We managed to get within about 100 yards of Blackaller Buoy before the wind went from light and fickle to virtually non-existent and decidedly irritating.

The virtually non-existent part is probably self-explanatory, but the decidedly irritating bears elaboration. We were just beginning to see a hint of flood, but every once in a while a small puff would develop that would be just enough to discourage anchoring while simultaneously encouraging happy thoughts of actually rounding the mark. We would start to creep forward: 0.1kt, 0.3kt, 0.4kt, then inevitably 0.0kt, and we would drift back. This went on for an hour.

Meanwhile boats that had started earlier than us had been able to round Blackaller before the wind shut off and were slowly working their way to either Raccoon Strait or down the main channel to take Angel Island to port. All this made me feel exceedingly glum. I suggested to Ric that we anchor so that we could eat, but he seemed to think that I should be able to eat a sandwich while holding the tiller with one hand. Since it barely mattered which direction I pointed the tiller, he was probably right, but I felt both activities required complete concentration so the sandwich went unopened.

One of the great features of the Three Bridge is that it is a thoroughly democratic race. Just about anyone can come out and play and the race attracts all types of boats, from Cal 20s that have a PHRF rating of 264 to a Transpac 52, which has a rating of -90, and all levels of sailors, including some who have never raced above the club level as well as some of the best sailing talent in the Bay Area. We shared our little patch of Blackaller misery with all of them. On one side we had a Moore 24, on the other an Express 37. There were Olsons and Santanas and Expresses and Ericsons and Catalinas. Even Hank Easom's *Yucca* lingered for a long while, though with her tall mast she was seeing wind the rest of us were not and she was able to slowly, delicately, and painstakingly work around the mark.

Then, as if by magic, we could feel a puff so slight that it did not register on the anemometer, a cold breeze from the west. Once again we started to creep forward, slowly at first, then faster and with greater urgency. Little ruffles began to appear on the water. All of the boats around us started to move. We rounded Blackaller at about 12:20pm and the breeze continued to fill. What followed was a long reach across the slot in 7kts of breeze, which felt like a whole gale after our long, dreary drift around Blackaller.

"Hey, Ric," I said, "hand me a sandwich."

"How can you eat a sandwich and drive in a breeze when you couldn't drive and eat in drifting conditions?" Ric wanted to know.

"This feels more natural," I responded, "besides, I'm hungry now because I'm no longer filled with self pity, so I'm just driving and eating, not driving, trying to eat, and feeling sorry for myself." That would be a full agenda for anyone.

As we reached over to the Marin shore spinnakers started to appear all around us as the fleet rode the westerly puff and the early flood downwind into Raccoon Strait. Though I continued to savor my bologna and cheese sandwich, I realized that we would probably have to set a 'chute to keep pace.

"You ready?" Ric was handing me the tail end of the spinnaker halyard. He had already rigged the spinnaker and was setting the pole.

"Uh, sure." I wrapped my sandwich back up and put it in my pocket. I was vaguely uncomfortable with the idea of having a bologna sandwich in my pocket, but it seemed like the best alternative at the time. I grabbed the spinnaker sheet in one hand and, with the tiller between my legs, I started tailing the halyard as fast as I could.

"Made!" With the spinnaker up Ric handed me the jib halyard and then went forward to pull down the jib.

The run through Raccoon Strait was brilliant. We were surrounded by brightly colored spinnakers sailing in light winds on a light flood, the water was flat, the sun was bright and warm, and I tried to imagine what a fine sight this parade of boats must have made for the spectators lining the Marin shore. Well, maybe they weren't exactly lining the shore but I did see a couple of people point and wave as the fleet danced by.

My reverie was disrupted by a bark from behind. "*Green Onions*, you cannot drive down." I looked back to see a big trimaran overtaking us to leeward.

"Technically you are an overtaking boat and you must stay clear," I advised, "however, I am operating under the charitable influ-

ence of sailing magic and bologna and cheese so I will let you go." I nudged the boat up a few degrees as Ric let the pole go forward a bit and trimmed in the 'chute. Happily this worked pretty well for us. I had been sagging down to get clear air, but we were faster pointing higher and we didn't really want to go down any further anyway since it would have put us on the wrong side of a tide line.

There was a lot of traffic in Raccoon Strait, so while the sailing was amazing, it required considerable concentration. Ric had his hands full trimming the spinnaker and playing the pole while I was fully occupied with one hand on the tiller and the other on the mainsheet. I could feel my sandwich getting tenderized in my pocket but there was nothing I could do about it until we got out of the Strait and there was a little bit more room for the boats to spread out.

The run through Raccoon had been on starboard tack, but we had to jibe to get around the easternmost point of the Tiburon Peninsula and head up to Red Rock. Jibing the spinnaker on a boat as big as the Express 34 with only two people aboard is an interesting experience. My job was to drive the boat and keep the spinnaker flying out in front of the boat while Ric jibed the main, tripped the pole, lowered the pole tip, jibed the pole, and set it all back up on the other side. It is a fun maneuver when the choreography works.

The boat now settled down on port tack, I pulled the partially liquefied bologna and cheese sandwich out of my pocket and surveyed the damage. It lacked the wholesome goodness I craved in my midday meal but I didn't want it to go to waste so I ate it anyway. The bread had turned a bit soupy and was sticking to the roof of my mouth, which was unfortunate on many levels, not least because at that moment, *Culebra*, an Olson 34, pulled alongside us.

"Is that an Express 34?" asked the helmsman.

"Yeth, it ith," I responded, nodding vigorously while trying to conceal my embarrassment at being unable to speak clearly because of the sandwich cemented to the roof of my mouth.

"I guess we're racing then." The Express 34s and Olson 34s had been assigned a one-design fleet for the race, so his was, technically, one of the boats we could not let pass us.

Technicalities aside, he passed us anyway, but finally freeing my mouth from its bologna and cheese prison, I shouted back, "I only let you past so we could sit on your wind." However, since he was sailing in a direction we did not want to go, I let him be. The wind had been clocking to the south and our course on port tack was taking us toward

the Marin shore and a tide line we didn't want to cross.

"I think we need to jibe," I said. I needn't have bothered. Before I even had the words out of my mouth Ric was handing me the sheets and setting up to jibe the main. This jibe lacked the choreographed precision of the previous one. I somehow managed to pin the spinnaker to the forestay and then had to drive down to enable Ric to unwrap the sail and get the pole set.

In a typical year, if that description can ever be applied to the Fiasco, the boats that do the course counterclockwise converge with the boats that do the course clockwise at Red Rock, so there are boats rounding the island in both directions. The currents are often very strong, so in addition to dodging boats, one is also trying to avoid being driven onto rocks and beaches which, at the very least, is slow. This year there were boats rounding Red Rock in both directions but I think those that were taking the island to port were the ones that had left Angel Island to port, while those rounding Red Rock to starboard were the ones that had sailed through Raccoon Strait. As of this writing I don't know if any of the early finishers sailed around Yerba Buena first, but I doubt it.

Red Rock is where the later starters caught up with the early starters that had managed to round Blackaller before the wind shut down. I was trying to imagine how aggravating it must have been to secure a large early lead, only to watch the back end of the fleet ride a puff down and erode all of those gains. It is always possible that a similar thing could happen to allow the slower boats that started first to catch back up, but generally once the faster boats overtake the slower ones, it's all about speed to the finish.

We rounded Red Rock to starboard and, like most of the starboard-rounding fleet, we planned to drive down toward Richmond to seek current relief. However, the wind looked light in the Berkeley Circle and I was just about to suggest that we stay up to take advantage of the better wind out in the center of the Bay when Ric handed me the mainsheet and grabbed hold of the jib sheet.

"Looks like the wind is better out here in the middle and really light on the Circle. We should tack." This strategy appeared to pay off in spades. While most of the fleet was making slow if steady progress in close to shore, we were romping along with a bone in our teeth at 6-7kts in 12-14kts of wind. From our vantage point it appeared that we were making good time on the fleet. In addition, our position well out from shore kept us far away from the tanker and tug that were making for

Leaving Red Rock behind.



Richmond. Five blasts were sounded repeatedly and at one point the tug surged out from beside the tanker and started doing donuts in the middle of the racing fleet to clear the way. We weren't really near enough to see just how close the racing fleet came to the tanker, but I was mighty glad we were where we were. Just as we were nearing Southampton shoal, however, we made a crucial mistake.

"You know," said Ric, "we might finish this race." This was a bad thing to say and Ric should have known better, but his sin was nothing compared to the egregious blunder I then committed.

"Yeah," I nodded in agreement, trying to gauge our position against the other boats, "we might even do pretty well."

BOOM. Just like that the wind dropped from 13kts to zero in the space of one boat length. I swear I could hear the wind gods laughing at us from their perch on Angel Island. Certain superstitions must always be respected and hubris such as mine is rarely allowed to go unpunished.

If expletives alone could create a localized high-pressure cell, my tirade that followed would have been sufficient to drive us down to Treasure Island at close to the speed of sound. As I slowly calmed down I turned to Ric, "Sorry, I should have known better."

"Yeah, that was pretty stupid." Ah, Ric, always trying to sugarcoat the mistakes.

We slatted around for a minute or two and I no longer had to imagine what it was like to watch the boats behind us erode our lead and sail on by. I regained my composure and was about to suggest that Ric sit on the boom to keep it steady, but he was already sitting on it. I thought I might suggest he

ease the outhaul to give the flat-cut main a bit more shape, but he had already eased it. I looked to the jib, thinking that it, too, could be started, but Ric had eased it a few inches before climbing up on the boom. That's the thing about sailing with Ric, even if he and I are the only two people on the boat, I'm like the third best sailor.

We spent about 15 minutes trying to work our way out of the wind hole. We could see the breeze just 50 yards off, tantalizingly close, but there was nothing we could do but be patient. Finally the wind gods relented and within two boat lengths of reaching the breeze we had 12-14kts again. I have no idea how many boats passed us as a result of my faux pas, but it was a lot, maybe even 50 or 60.

The wind held steady all the way from Southampton Shoal to the eastern span of the Bay Bridge. But between the bridge and the southernmost tip of Yerba Buena the wind was very light and a large cluster of boats had turned the little patch of water between the Coast Guard docks and the tip of the island into a parking lot. Fortunately the Coast Guard did not seem to be too concerned about how close to their docks many of the boats were sailing.

As we sailed through the construction zone on the east side of Treasure Island we met up with *RedSky*, another of our competitors in the Express/Olson 34 fleet. But as we entered the dead zone between the bridge and Yerba Buena we elected to stay wide to avoid the parking lot, while *RedSky* chose to sail high. In one of those mysterious moments of sailing *RedSky* managed to keep moving in their own little private puff of wind while boats on either side of them sat with sullen, limp sails.

It was an excruciatingly painful moment as we watched *RedSky* reach the wind line just south of the island. As soon as they were across it, they took off. Meanwhile, the boats in the parking lot were slowly draining out on some little whisp of breeze that had worked its way around the island. Like *RedSky*, as soon as they crossed the wind line they were gone. Our turn came eventually, as the last of the flood and perhaps a tiny bit of breeze finally pushed us out to the wind.

We sailed the last leg of the race in a steady, cold, westerly breeze. We crossed out of the dead zone and into the wind at almost exactly 4:45pm and we finished the race just after 5:10pm. We were 13 minutes behind *Culebra* and just over a minute behind *RedSky*, underlining just how costly was the wind hole out by Southampton Shoal. The sun was dipping low on the horizon and moisture was starting collect on the decks. We were tired but triumphant. We had finished the Three Bridge Fiasco.

The triumph wore off a little in the two-hour trip back to our berth in Alameda, but it had been a very good day. The weather was splendid, the sailing fine. As we motored home Ric and I reviewed the race and dissected our performance. We talked about choreography, about navigation, and about not provoking the wind gods. We talked about what went right, we definitely picked the right direction to sail the course, and what could have been better. If we were to sail the same race again I'm sure we would do a much better job. But, of course, next year will be a different race and we'll be guessing all over again. I can hardly wait.

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Look at those silver waves over there and other visual phenomena viewed from my cockpit. I am in Upernavik, Greenland, paddling solo in my Klepper on my way to Eqaluit/Laksefjorden and it is not the first time I have done this sort of paddling in this area of Greenland. It is a nice area with lots of igneous rocks and a mountain of any size, Sanderson's Hope.

It is 1993 and I am paddling along on a nice afternoon. The water is just such a lovely intense color of navy blue. The sun is shining at me from the west. It is about 4:00 in the afternoon, I don't really know. I have been doing fine. I started out from Upernavik about nine miles away to the north. There is not much wind, maybe it is blowing at 5kts. I have been paddling along near the rocks but I would like to see what happens if I paddle a little farther out. After all, why paddle hugging the rocks, I have done that plenty of times before.

So let me see what it is like paddling a few hundred yards off. I am right next to Qaersorsuaq Island on its west side. The rocks are sheer. This is the base of Sanderson's Hope, a 3,400' tall pyramid of basalt. I suspect that there is a counter current along those rocks that is slowing me down. Maybe farther out there is a different current. I have to try and see if I can make faster headway.

There certainly is no place to pull in. It is all just sheer rock, grey slabs of gneiss and granite along here. Only tiny little extreme emergency perches in three places.

There is a nice roll to these waves that has developed. I hate paddling on flat water, the boat moves slower with all that surface friction, it makes a lot of work. I think the bow is a little heavy, too, I probably had better pay more attention to packing the bow lighter. It is easy to unintentionally pack the bow heavy because it has the largest volume in the kayak. Food is heavy, put it all in the back. Put the sleeping bag up front. Keep the tent where I can get it easily, I might need shelter quickly.

Oh, this is nice, the roll to these waves feels lovely. They are about a foot high which is a comfortable size for paddling my Klepper. I always like that moment in paddling when I can synchronize my stroke to the roll of the waves. It seems to make paddling just

Sanderson's Hope.

Silver Waves in the Arctic

By Gail Ferris



Sanderson's Map.

a symphony of harmonic effort and response between me, my kayak, and the waves.

Now I am farther out just cooking along but am now beginning to find the paddling becoming boring like being on a treadmill. I know what the problem is. I am not getting a sense of accomplishment because from this perspective not much is changing visually. The shore is far enough away that it just always looks the same. Visually not much is happening. Even though I am out from shore the long distance view is not very different

in the sense of seeing more of my goal. I still have a few miles before I arrive at the end and head around the corner. It does not look like I am covering all that much distance.

I think I will return to paddling along the rocks because I get more of a sense of covering ground and the view is much more interesting because it is more intricate and changes faster.

I am on my way to Laksefjorden. This is my first trip there and I am looking forward to seeing the Orpit and what it looks like in the bottom. I have read Porsild's article about the Orpit where trees are two meters tall, which is not possible at this latitude except in this one place.

It is nice paddling on the outside of Sanderson's Hope. This is different from my last trip which was down behind Upernavik through Torssut passage to Aappilattoq. Now I am looking out over Baffin Bay/Davis Strait. There are no other large islands to the west between here and Baffin Island some hundreds of miles away. The sun is over the water to the west of me and will not set until mid-August.

Over there northwest of me the water is a nice color of silver while this water nearby is still navy blue. Now I am getting closer to it, the waves feel lovely and soon all the water around me is silver. The waves are a foot and a half to two feet. There is wind behind me, about 10 to 12kts. The waves are not breaking. They are just rolling but the tidal current is against them. They are steepening but stretching out. This is curious, I am paddling but it is like being on a roller coaster. All I am doing is going up and down in the same place. It is a nice ride but I really would like to make some forward progress.

It's interesting paddling up and down, up and down, it is kind of fun, the current and the wind are just perfectly balanced so that all I do is just paddle in place, up and down up and down. The separation between crests is very curious, I have never seen wave separation like this before. Normally wind generated waves are of a particular height with have a similar proportion between them. These waves are very different.

I am feeling that I am being pushed by the wind but also there happens to be an unusual elongation to the wave face. It is as though the waves are stretched out. I can take





No place to land off Sanderson's.

advantage of this, on the long and steep wave face I am easily able to accelerate down the wave face. But the next thing that happens is the wave from in front of me, the tide rip at the bottom of the wind wave is going against me just as fast. So there I am just paddling in place. I am stalling out because the water is stalling out. The waves are just going up and down, wind against current.

After all my lessons in surfing and practicing off Stony Creek running the waves downwind between the islands I have never

Off Ingia and Sanderson's.

experienced roller coaster paddling before. It appears that I am in something similar to a rip that is stationery. I decided that rather than just continue to paddle in place maybe I ought to try a trick I had learned in river paddling. Take advantage of the shore eddies and the increased friction along the rocks.

So I pulled over as close to the rocks as possible hoping my theory might work. Sure enough, crawling along the rocks I was able to gain headway against the tidal current climbing up the shore eddies. It was a good trick to have learned some whitewater pad-

dling skills, I just never know when I might need them, even on the open water in Greenland. It was a good thing I tried that trick of taking advantage of the shore eddies because I would have been stuck paddling in place until the tide changed.

This next story takes place in Arctic Bay, Canada, it is another long story about the water being silver. It is 10:00 at night and I have started out purposefully at night. They say the water is calmer at night because the wind blows less at night. Who they are is a good question and what area they are talking





Up down waves off Laksefjorden.

about is another good question I did not really think about very much. Sometimes there is safety in being naive and blind optimism, or is there? I am down in Adams Sound near Arctic Bay at 72° North and it is July.

I would like to paddle back out of Adams Sound to see other places but I am finding that there is a slight problem. Where I am camping now the wind arrives from the west which will make paddling miserable hard

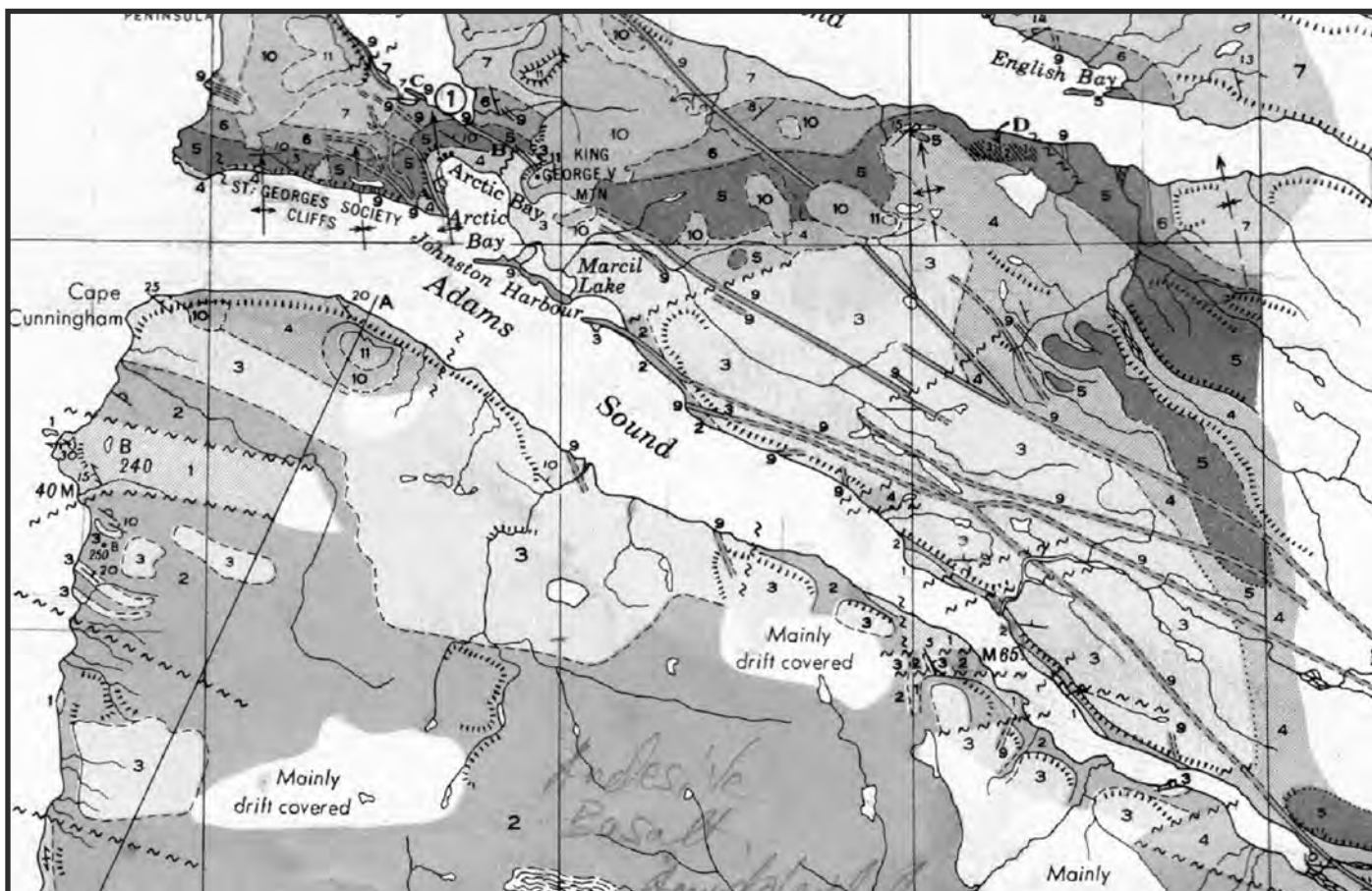
work because it is against me. I hate paddling where if I miss a stroke I have to paddle numerous strokes to get back to where I was. That means I cannot stop and look at things, I cannot take a break, take pictures or think about what I am seeing because I have to constantly pay close attention to not losing my heading into the wind.

Here where I am camping I seems to be windbound. The wind is blowing so hard that I have to just hang out down here waiting. I

don't know exactly why but it seems to me that in the evening the wind seems to settle down and I am not sure if the wind is slackening off because of the evening reduction in sunshine intensity or change in the tide.

The sun does not set here until mid-August so there is no actual night in which to paddle because there is no night. Maybe I can get away with this paddle in the late evening hours anyway. I am going to try a strategy of paddling starting out at about 10pm because

Arctic Bay, Adams Sound.





Adams Sound, looking across.

there is plenty of light so that I can see what is going on without any problem. It is a lovely evening, there is hardly a cloud in the sky.

I have loaded up my kayak and started across the sound, a mile or so across. I think I should cross here because I know that there are campsites on the north side but I do not think there is anything but cliffs farther up this south side. I feel more comfortable crossing now where the distance is less. I am afraid of getting stuck with no place to land and being forced to make a longer crossing farther up this coastline. In retrospect I wish I had inspected the southern coastline of Adams Sound with binoculars when I paddled down the sound and I was near enough to see if there was any possibility.

On the other side directly across is a peninsula, the east side of which I camped on when I was on my way paddling down the sound. I am starting off on the south side and there is no problem with the sandy beach and campsite I found over here. I have had a nice paddle from the bottom of Adams Sound up to here. I wanted to see in detail what the south side looked like. Perhaps I ought to have chanced paddling farther westward on

the south side because only close up from my kayak cockpit could I really see what is over there, but I was afraid that there was no place to come in for a landing for too many miles of paddling. That is a problem solo paddling in unknown areas, I do not know until I am there what an area is like.

As a paddler I like to not be preoccupied with getting from place to place as fast as possible but rather to see what is along the way. I paddle to explore in detail and to do this I find that low wind conditions are best. I can look around and think about what I am seeing. When I first started paddling west back out of Adam Sound the wind was calm and I was able to enjoy looking at an area of pocket gardens. These miniscule gardens were filled with rich soil that hosted all sorts of plants. What was so special about looking at them from my kayak was that they were literally hanging gardens on white feldspar precipices along the water so it was impossible to see them other than from my kayak. I could just effortlessly glide by to look at them. If I needed to I could just paddle backward and take another look at them from my cockpit. If the wind had been blowing in my face I could have never enjoyed them. I

doubt I would have even noticed them at all because I would have been so preoccupied with paddling.

Then farther along just for fun I dipped among the rocks into an indentation where I found an area with a lovely, unusual combination of rocks. Some of the rocks happened to be very dark colored greenish black somewhat glassy looking basalt that could almost be obsidian. These were mixed with rose pink feldspar rounded boulders and chunks. It was an interesting combination together just in the sense of color and type of rocks together.

After this I landed and set up camp. I spent the next day idle until early evening. I planned my paddling to hopefully coincide with a slack in the wind, which I hoped would occur during the evening hours. Counting on this to happen I decided that I ought to load my kayak at 8pm. At 10pm I left my camp and headed directly across to the north side where there was a peninsula. Paddling conditions during the first three quarters looked just fine, the water was dark navy blue with just a slight riffle on the top. A slight riffle with 6" waves are very nice to paddle on because the riffle reduces the water's surface friction on

Arctic Bay, three types of rock.



Arctic Bay Quartzite.



the hull allowing the kayak to paddle easier and faster.

As an experienced paddler, when I set off, no matter how innocent the conditions may be, I always have my spray skirt, life jacket, and pogies on properly and everything on the deck is tied down. I take no chances.

As I paddled the dark blue water looked lovely and all was going well. Then, as I always do when I am making a crossing, I indulge in general observation from my cockpit, I happened to look over the water to the southwest some miles away. Where I was and for miles around all the water was dark blue with a slight riffle but over there I saw this patch of silver water. "Oh, isn't that pretty," I thought to myself as I paddled along. "How interesting there is silver water over there a few miles away. I see that it is stretching out and coming toward me," I told myself as I looked again just a few minutes later.

That silver water is waves. The wind is blowing onto the water turning it silver. It is getting closer. Looks like I will be on the receiving end. Well, let me see if I am going to continue this crossing. I know that I cannot land on the west-facing ramp because it is covered with round boulders. I bet there might be a place where I can pull out and camp in the direction I am heading for to the west of the ramp on my way out. I will shoot for that.

I don't want use the old east-facing campsite on the north side. I would have to sacrifice progress by reversing direction heading east to get to that campsite even though it is ideally situated in a protected area where I camped before. I would rather be looking out to the west where I am going to be camping along this north side. I do not think that there is absolutely no place to camp, I know I saw some sand so I bet I can camp there. More naïve thoughts I could not have had.

Then the silver water overtook me. I was paddling broadside to it. I was dealing with 15 to 20 knots broadside wind. I pressed on past the outside of the peninsula which was all sheer rock, no place to land. Heading

across in front of the west end of the peninsula I was committed to about a quarter mile of broadside waves against a very shallow coastline. When a wave jumped up the deck and slapped me in the chest I realized that these waves were fierce.

Eyeballing the ramp on the peninsula completely covered with round boulders I now knew just exactly why. All those rounded boulders were created by the prevailing storm wind from the west that always drove the waves up that ramp on the receiving end of a long expanse of shallow water. The boulders rolled around in those waves and I realized that I did not want to join them. How nice to know that in this area the most consistent strong protracted wind was from the west. It would veer down Adams Sound following the nearly straight shoreline topography of this inlet. And there I was right on the receiving end in my little kayak with nothing but a solid paddle and all my skill and strength to keep me from joining them. I was scared.

I thought to myself, "Am I glad I never pulled in there, what a place to be trapped by wind and waves. Round boulders show that is what goes on there." It took all my strength to be able to keep going and maintain sea room. There was no time to miss a stroke. It was time to just dig, dig, and keep digging. I told myself, "What ever I do, don't let a wave grab me, roll me over, let me miss a stroke or do an air stroke, have the rudder break or anything go wrong that might force me onto those rocks!" Use my body weight behind my stroke. Lean into that stroke and push on the top with all my might. Pump those legs. Use those strong lower back and torso muscles to keep that kayak moving. Be precise, be economical with every motion, don't let the wind force me onto the beach, lean toward that wind, I told myself. I used all my kayak training from Bart Hathaway. On my way I was glad I had a tough paddle with a large blade.

I was relieved to have such a seaworthy kayak, the Klepper Aerius I. The Klepper expedition spray skirt held to the outer

coaming and inner coaming unaffected by crashing waves. I was glad I had a tough paddle, a Warner Wenatchee, with a large, square blade. I really leaned on that shaft. The weight and momentum of my kayak was sufficient to make the paddle shaft flex. From that I realized that I could conserve energy in my stroke by taking advantage of this shaft flex giving an extra kick to my stroke without me doing anything.

All I did was to just extend the timing of my stroke to allow for the paddle shaft to flex in the water as the last part of the stroke. So much for silver water, it is real!

Next I was past the peninsula turning westward along the shoreline. Again there was no choice other than to force my way westward along the coast. I saw sandy patches but there was no beach large enough for anything other than the most emergency stop. I slogged my way for another half mile before I came across a beach wide enough for my tent. I had spotted this little beach on my way down to the east and noticed that it was only wide enough for a tent and behind it were just vertical sand cliffs with no water anywhere. Better than nothing but ordinarily I would never have stopped.

I was exhausted by the time I finally reached this area where I was able to land and camp. I knew that I was in an emergency situation. I could not paddle any farther into this wind.

Even though there was a campsite with water and better safety a few miles to the west where I first camped, I came in. The beach was very narrow, just barely at the high tide line with no place to go. I put up my tent as far back as there was room. There was no water so I knew that I could not stay there any length of time longer than the one day's water I always carried in the bottom of my kayak in water bags.

I can tell you that silver water means strong wind on the water and as with cats paws on the water, remember to always lean toward the wind.

gaileferris@hotmail.com

The campsite a few hours later. On the left side the dark area is that peninsula I just had come from.





Peregrine heads off into the wide blue yonder.

Why Denmark? My sailing partner, Ian Page, has always wanted to sail on the Baltic and on the Web I found that there were lots of islands to explore, no tide, and the weather could be very good, it was even described as the Northern Mediterranean. With further exploring I found that we could catch a DFDS ferry from Harwich to Esbjerg and then a motorway direct from the port to the east side of Jutland and access to the Baltic. Ian had a contact in the Trailer Sailer Association who regularly sailed in the area and offered several launch possibilities with various photographs of slips and recommended the slip access at Middelfart on the Island of Funen as the best. So, at the beginning of 2008 we booked the ferry for two weeks in June, which cost about £600 for two people, a car, and a boat.

In the meantime I had a review of what paperwork we needed; the boat registered on the *Small Ships Register*, VHF licences, boat insurance for sailing in Denmark, an International Certificate for Operating Pleasure Craft, and a VHF operating license. Also needed was proof that VAT had been paid on the boat. The only thing I paid for was the SSR license which I could do online. Ironically no one asked to see any of these when leaving or entering England or Denmark, but at least we had them if required.

Leading up to the trip the weather was looking good, solid sunshine with F2/F3 winds for about five weeks. However, this was due to change the first week we were out to colder, windier, and more prone to showers. We left Leeds about 0900h on June 8 and we were down at Harwich by about 1300h. At 1700h we boarded the ferry and we set sail on time at 1800h.

We arrived in Esbjerg to a hot, sunny day (the last of the five weeks of good weather!) and started our journey across Jutland to Funen. This was my first time towing in a foreign country so I was having to remind myself to stay on the right! As we were not supposed to carry fuel on the ferry (even though we did on the way back) we pulled into a service station to get some. This needed a credit card as the stations are not supervised. We arrived in Middelfart at about 1430h where we inspected the slip and tried to work out what the procedure was. First there is a barrier across the slip and this takes 20 kroner to open. Parking for the car and trailer was ample and free so we rigged *Peregrine* and launched and then spent an hour loading her with all our supplies and gear for the coming fortnight.

It was after 1600h and blowing a F2 from the NW when we sailed 1nm out of the marina and anchored for the night close into the southern end of Faeno Island (Lillebaelt), which I thought would shelter us.

With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers

A Danish We Will Go

By Paul Harrison
Reprinted from the *DCA Bulletin*
Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)
Newsletter

(An account of a Danish cruise in *Peregrine*, a Suffolk Beach Punt rigged as a Gaff Yawl, 16' long and 6'6" beam, with a steel centreboard and a deep skeg. She is an open boat with a boom tent and plenty of covered storage. *Peregrine* was built of marine plywood in 1996 by Lakeland Wooden Boats.)

During the night the wind picked up and went more westerly than anticipated and soon we were bobbing up and down, which led to a restless sleep. In the morning it was blowing about F4 from the west so we decided to cross the Lillebaelt to the east shore of Jutland to gain some shelter from the seas. We could sail inside Haderslev Fjord despite the forecast of strong winds the following day. So with two reefs we set off on a close reach in the general direction of the fjord, hoping to pass to the north of Brandso Island and then follow the Jutland coast down to the entrance.

With everything so flat it was hard to work out what was what as there are not many distinguishing landmarks to help with navigation. The other problem is that there is no shelter offered by the land as the wind doesn't hit anything! The further we sailed out into the Lillebaelt the windier it got and the sea was short and steep. As we hit a wave it would be thrown up into the air to land in the cockpit. Worse still, coming off the top of extremely high and steep waves usually ended in sailing through the next wave, causing green seas to come onboard. We were soon filling the boat with water! Despite this it wasn't raining and was quite sunny, offering a good sail, but we had to regularly man the pumps to ensure we didn't take on too much. At one point the boat was filling up faster than Ian could empty it!

The landmark I was looking for that would indicate the course for the buoyed channel into the Haderslev Fjord was the island Linderum. Just past this island I had to head directly to the shore and pick up the

channel which meanders along northbound into the fjord. Soon we reached this landmark and headed in. At this point it was blowing F5 straight out of the fjord, which was not giving any shelter, and there were quite steep waves coming down the channel. We were tired and didn't fancy trying to tack into the fjord so we decided to motor instead.

Just downwind was Arosund Marina but we wanted to explore the fjord and we were sure, once we were in, it would be more sheltered. We motored into the fjord but the engine was surging and we were only just making way. A really big wave stopped us and it took all our efforts to get going again. I didn't follow the channel until we were in the mouth of the fjord as it took all my concentration to keep *Peregrine* moving forward. Once inside the waves subsided but the wind was still strong.

About a mile in I saw some large trees and houses with a small jetty and some moored boats on the north bank at a place called Baek. Still following the channel, as it was very shallow, we made our way there and dropped anchor in about 4' of water. We relaxed and dried out the boat before settling down for the night.

Next morning was sunny but still windy with the odd heavy shower passing by so there was a chance we might get one, too. Mostly the wind was good but trees or houses could affect the wind more when the channel wound round to cause the wind to blow off the bank. On one bend in particular the wind was all over the place, ahead, behind, and finally no wind at all! This bend took us about 30 minutes to round but we were determined to sail all the way.

Once past it widened, though the channel stayed narrow and we had fewer trees offering shelter and now some of these heavy showers started rolling down the fjord. When these hit we were overpowered and as soon as we tacked at one bank we were at the other. At one point we were about a mile off Haderslev and could see the town when one of these showers rolled our way. The wind died enough to allow us to heave-to without danger of grounding to let two yachts pass.

We reached Haderslev at about 1300h. With no tide the common method of mooring in Denmark is with the stern or bow to the quay and the other end tied to two posts set off the bank. The further we motored into Haderslev the closer the posts got together and closer to the bank for smaller and smaller boats. That afternoon we explored Haderslev, which was quite a sizeable town but very quiet, we thought it must have been half-day closing! We found a cafe on the way back. The total cost of drinks and food came to

about a fiver for the both of us (best value we had for the whole trip). So with a full stomachs it was back to the boat for bed. When we got back the Harbourmaster appeared and it cost us 100 kronas for the night. This seemed about average as it cost us 90 or 110 kronas elsewhere when we stayed in marinas.

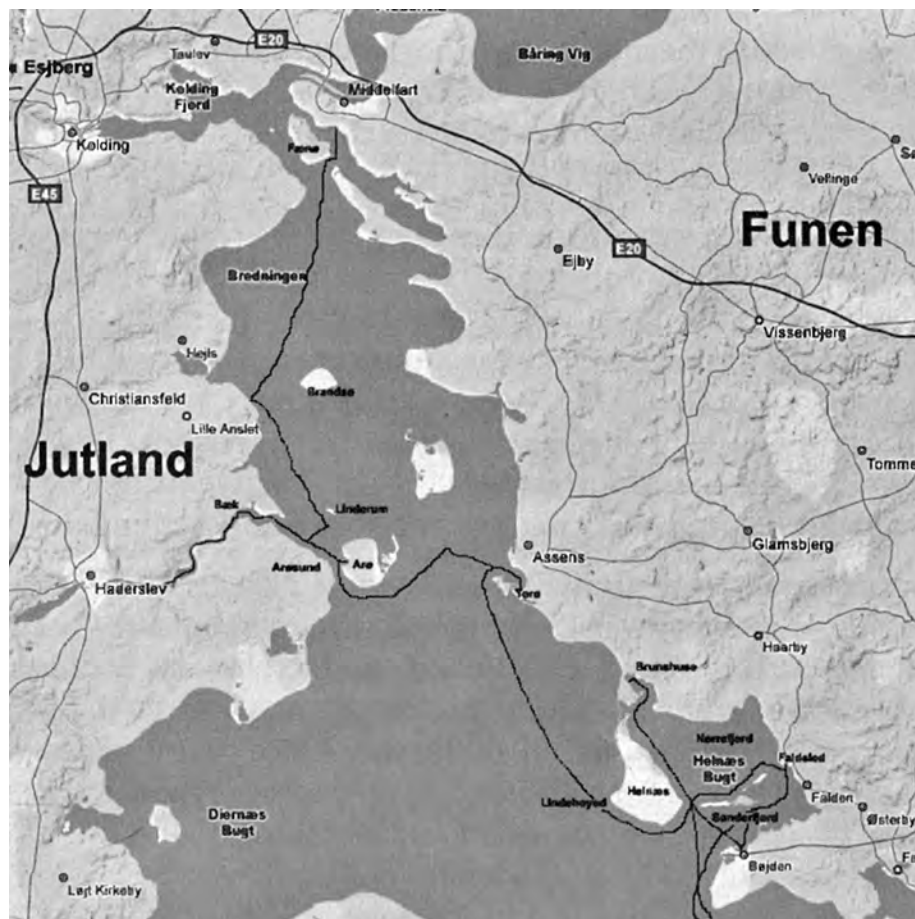
The following morning we awoke to a sunny and less windy day. Eventually we left about 1300h. The wind had picked up again to about F4, but from the west, so we could sail easily down the fjord with one reef in. We still had fun getting around the same bend from the day before as the wind did its usual trick in disappearing and switching direction. Soon we were at the mouth of the fjord and, with the weather sunny but the wind about F3-F4 and increasing, we decided to sail to the marina on the west side of the island of Aro. This marina also serves as the ferry port between the mainland and the island but has fairly modern facilities.

As we sailed towards it the wind was increasing and the sea state was getting rougher as the channel between the island and mainland is narrow and shallow and a reasonable current flows through. But even in strong winds this type of sailing is great fun and relaxing. Soon we were in the marina and chose to moor in a far corner. It turned out to be a glorious sunny evening despite the wind and we explored the local village, which out of the wind was very warm. It was interesting walking around to see how most of the houses had thatched roofs, some being re-thatched, and also how they had lots of windows compared to our country. The farms were basically large squares with a central courtyard, the buildings surrounding this yard comprising the house and the barns. We ate in the cafe in the marina and had a walk along the beach to the lighthouse before retiring for the night.

Next morning was a bit overcast but the wind was only a F2-F3 so we decided to sail back to the island of Funen to an anchorage at Toro near Assens. It would involve sailing to the south of Aro and then heading east to pick up the north-going channel to avoid the shallows, then follow this channel for a mile or so before heading east again into the bay protected by Toro before entering the small inlet which was the Toro anchorage. When we set off it was sunny and the wind was still westerly F2-F3 but the forecast promised more. I decided to go with one reef. Soon we were belting along the southern shores of Aro with the wind getting stronger. When we turned north we were probably overpowered now and more on a close reach, but I decided to hang on with what we had as we would soon be turning east again. This sail was very exciting.

Soon we turned east and the sailing eased but we were still moving at a good speed. Before long we were navigating the narrow entrance into the natural harbour of Toro and decided to anchor off the west beach of this anchorage. Again we put up the tent in case of rain before we explored. This anchorage was very picturesque and sheltered. There was a narrow shingle bank between the harbour and the sea. When we walked over to have a look at where we had come from the wind was now F6 and the sea was looking quite rough so we were glad to be over and done for the day. It was about 1300h.

We spent the afternoon relaxing, exploring, and talking to some locals but we were thinking what to do next. The forecast was still wind from the NW and, even though we had another week to go, we would have to



start heading back and there was not much shelter between Assens and Middelfart. On the other hand, we could keep going with the wind as there were several other marinas to the south that had slips we could pull out on and were still on the island of Funen. We decided to keep going with the weather and pull out elsewhere. With this in mind we decided to sail to Faldsled the next day. It would be a long sail and we needed to get going before it became too windy, so it was off to bed to rise at a reasonable time the next day.

Next morning the weather was sunny with heavy showers, with the wind about F3 from the west. We set off with two reefs. We had to tack out into the bay as far as possible to make sure we cleared Toro point and to avoid the big seas around it. Eventually I had the angle to clear the point but despite this it was still a bit bouncy. Soon I could start aiming for the lighthouse at Lindehøyd on Helnaes island that would lead me to Faldsled. This lighthouse was ten miles away. The course was a beam reach all the way. Sometimes the sail was quiet but at other times the wind would increase and soon we were moving at great speed.

Once past the lighthouse we followed the southwestern shore of Helnaes Island which took us into Sønderfjord of Helnaes Bugt in which Faldsled was at the eastern side of this large bay behind several islands. The navigation to Faldsled was either following a twisting channel in Sønderfjord or taking the narrow channel between Helnaes Island and Illum Island into Norrefjord which was deeper water but the last mile would be through a narrow channel into the marina. We chose the latter.

As we turned into this bay the wind increased and even with two reefs in we were

starting to surf some of the waves. After we passed through the channel into Norrefjord the wind just kept increasing and the waves kept getting bigger, to the extent I was now worrying about damaging *Peregrine* and being out of control when approaching the marina through the narrow and shallow north channel. Soon we were into the shelter of Faldsled Marina and, as there was a small boat harbour at the back, that's where we headed.

Once committed to this part of the marina we had to hope for a space as there was no way of turning round, and with an engine without reverse this was going to get exciting. The channel we were motoring down was not much wider than *Peregrine* and to either side were mooring piles marking each mooring bay. Trying to turn *Peregrine* into a bay was certainly hair-raising, as was having to manhandle her through the piles and get mooring warps onto them as well as watching the backend didn't hit the piles on the other side. We were getting better at this and with not too many scratches we were in and secured.

This was a very pleasant marina with a decent slip which I eyed for pulling out and the Harbourmaster was extremely friendly and helpful with an up-to-date weather forecast posted each day. The cost of mooring here was 90 kronas a night with 10 kronas for a shower facility. It was extremely clean with excellent shower facilities. There was also access to a kitchen and dining room and a cafe which served excellent food. We had arrived about 1500h and so we spent the rest of the day exploring the village and marina and getting some supplies at a local campsite store.

The problem with this marina was that with the weather coming from the west we would have to tack to get out, so we needed

a day when the wind was not quite so strong. The next day it was blowing F6-F7 so we were stormbound. We caught a bus to Fasborg to explore and look at the marina slips to see how suitable they were. The main or old harbour had no slips but was well populated with yachts, tall ships, and commercial ships. For Ian there was a cafe on the pier which sold an endless variety of smoked fish. We decided that we would stay based at Faldsled and pull out there. There was plenty of sea to explore within the Helnaes Bugt and so if the wind eased enough we could still do a three-day trip round the bay.

The next morning it was still windy so we decided to wait until the afternoon as we expected the wind to die a bit. About 1500h we set off into Sonderfjord with a couple of reefs in, heading for a small anchorage at Bojden which is on the southwestern corner of Helnaes Bugt. Again it was sunny and the earlier showers had gone, giving us a very pleasant sunny trip late in the afternoon. The sail was exciting and challenging, but great fun, and we arrived at Bojden about 1800h. I decided to tuck in on the eastern side of the stone pier behind some mooring piles and a pontoon, anchoring in a metre of water over sand to gain shelter from the strong westerly wind. This was a very nice anchorage which I would thoroughly recommend to any small boater.

In the morning we had a lovely sunny morning with a F2 northwesterly wind, the quietest it had been for the holiday. We land-

ed on the beach to explore. On our return to *Peregrine* we hoisted sail with no reefs for the first time in the whole holiday! We decided to head to the northernmost point of Helnaes Bugt to a place called Brunshuse to anchor for the night. We had an enjoyable sail with a good sailing breeze and glorious sunshine, nothing better! After a good three hours' sail we arrived in the bay off Brunshuse and decided to anchor off the beach on the western side of the bay. As we entered this bay there was an island on the left, the first we had seen full of nesting birds. It was the first time we had really seen bird life, unlike Scotland, where we sail a lot, where there is abundant bird and sea life. I found Denmark rather barren by comparison.

With a reef in, off we went the following day with the wind westerly and a bit stronger, about F3, down the eastern side of Helnaes Island through the channel into Sonderfjord and then heading out to Sonderhjerne. On the horizon to the south we could see the occasional tall ship, a fantastic sight. The wind was bit stronger now that we no longer had the shelter of Helnaes Island and with the fetch being long, the sea state was larger so it just added to the brilliant sail along the coast. As we approached Sonderhjerne Point we could see a tall ship tacking out of Lyo Krog, and as we cleared the point we saw another two tacking in a similar direction. I decided to sail close to the first tall ship we had seen before turning for home. I'm sure they

didn't quite know what to make of us, probably those crazy English!

We turned for home and headed back into Sonderfjord, following the southern channel back to Faldsled and having the fun of getting back into our mooring berth. I nearly left Ian hanging onto a mooring pile without a boat at one point!

We decided that the following day we would get the car and trailer and if the weather was suitable we would go for a blast round the bay on the Friday. So the next day we caught the bus to Svendborg. The day after it was too windy, F6 westerly, to go sailing, so we drove into Fasborg for Ian to have some more smoked fish. This was our final day, as we would be pulling out and heading back to catch the evening ferry to Harwich the next day.

All told we had sailed 84nm over nine days. All there was left was to pull *Peregrine* out, wash her down, and head back to the ferry port at Esbjerg. So would I recommend Denmark for dinghy cruising? The answer is a definite yes. There is no tide, the most we measured was about 12". The people are friendly and the places we visited were wonderful and often quaint. The marinas we used were small boat friendly and the charges were reasonable. The food was good and the cost in most cases was comparable to the UK. So if you like exploring places, a bit of wind, no tide and reasonable weather, then Denmark might be worth looking at.





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I fondly remember Saturday afternoons growing up in northern Germany, school was over at noon, I could play soccer, watch the big ships come through the Kiel Canal, or visit my grandfather, the old sea captain, now retired. He had sailed on windjammers to Australia and around the Horn to Iquique, Chili, in the lucrative but smelly and messy Saltpeter trade (guano, “bird sh-t”, sorry) for fancy British gardens. Towards the end of the war (WWII), he was pressed back into duty piloting boats through the mined approaches to the harbor of Kiel and the Kiel Canal, a job, as he told me, that first taught him accurate navigation.



Minna Helene bound for Chile, South America (1892-94).

He was full of adventure stories and also knew some English, which interested me as a young kid and which made me become an exchange student in a British private prep school (Lancing College, near Brighton) for a term, when I was in high school.



Opa Zollitsch at the helm (1923).

Needless to say, I was interested in the sea and boats, ocean-going boats and far-away places, but did not have the opportunity to do anything about it until I started college in the harbor town of Kiel, on the Kiel Canal connecting the Baltic Sea with the North Sea and the Atlantic. The year was 1959. I started small the first two summers, paddling Eskimo skin boats, rowing racing shells, skulling in “fours,” as well as sailing various types of dinghies.

For the following summer I got a seaman’s passport and worked for two months on a 1,000-ton freighter shipping between ports like Rotterdam, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Lubeck, and the Swedish port of Sundsvall/Timraa, way north in the Gulf of Bothnia sea arm of the Baltic Sea. We were mostly picking up bundles of raw wood pulp

My Turn at the Helm

By Reinhard Zollitsch

sheets, the size of a 4’x8’ sheet of plywood, for paper refining mills in Belgium and Holland. Our return cargo was bulk bleaching salt, which was a nuisance for us crew to wash out of the hull after unloading at the Swedish paper mills.



1,000-ton North Sea/Baltic Trader, *Siegerland*.



RZ on lookout up the mast (*Siegerland*).

Once we loaded grain from Hamburg but the most interesting cargo was split rock, granite, from a no-name harbor/place in southern Sweden. I remember security guards came aboard when we approached shore. Small tugs then helped turn our freighter around and backed us into a “hole in the wall,” a cleft in the granite shoreline into a big granite-domed “harbor” with docks, cranes, and buildings and lots of people busily running around our boat.

It was truly Bondian (“James Bond”), even though at that time I had no idea what that meant. It seemed very secretive. Having grown up during WWII in the German subma-

rine port of Kiel, I knew what this was, a natural bunker for submarines. So perhaps the neutral country of Sweden, I thought to myself, was planning on protecting its aquatic turf of the Baltic Sea from the “communist aggressors.” This was the height of the Cold War, remember. Later that same summer (August 1961, to be exact) the Berlin Wall was built, an event which I had to see to believe.

So we loaded up with 1,000 tons of crushed rock for German railroad beds in Lubeck and were gone by morning, and I could never persuade the skipper to show me on the chart where we had been.

Other navigational challenges for me were going through the Kiel Canal at night (it is about 60 miles/100km long with two sets of locks) and up the winding shipping channel of the Schelde River to Antwerp, Belgium. I again had the midnight watch from 12m to 4am. There were flashing, blinking, and directional lights everywhere, red, green, and white, warning of the boat-eating rocks and mud flats at every bend in the river. I was sweating at the wheel, being new to the job and tired from eight hours of painting on deck. To boot, the pilot’s German was more Flemish than “Hochdeutsch” (standard German). Yes, eight hours on deck plus four hours at night, 12 hours on duty every day, very tiring, even for an eager young whippersnapper like me.

Encountering Force 11 winds (Force 12 being hurricane strength, 74 miles per hour) on the open Baltic, however, was exhilarating for me. We stuck the bow into the waves and solid water crashed across the deck from one side of the ship to the other. We assured the skipper that we had battened down the hatches properly, while keeping our fingers crossed behind our backs.



Force 11 storm on the Baltic Sea (*Siegerland*).

My grandfather died while I was working on that freighter, I missed the funeral but instead promised him that some year I would cross the Atlantic as the old man had done so many times.

That time came sooner than expected, the following year, that is. Being an English major at the University of Kiel, I felt I owed it to my future students to have lived in both England and the US for “a significant span of time.” So I applied for a graduate assistantship at three

US East Coast colleges (in Virginia, I was fascinated with Jefferson; in Massachusetts, I was interested in the Transcendentalist writers in the Boston area; and in Maine, Grandfather had told me about the ship building and sailing traditions of that state).

Having the luxury of choice I, of course, started out in Maine since I knew absolutely nothing about that state. I got my master's degree in English there and later an MA and PhD in German from the University of Massachusetts. I did not meet Jefferson's inquisitive spirit until 2003 on my Lewis & Clark venture down the Upper Missouri River (see my L&C article in the October 1/15, 2003 issues of *MAIB*, and on my website).

But one big problem remained in my US venture, with limited funds, how was I to get from northern Germany to Orono, Maine, by September 1 of that year (1962)? I again chose a very direct route, I went to the Hamburg harbor-master, showed him my seaman's passport, and asked him whether he knew of any boat going from any port in Europe to any East Coast port in the US, one way only. (Not until now did I realize that I never gave any thought to how I would get back to Germany when my assistant-ship ended. Well, as it turned out, I didn't go back. I am still here in Maine 47 years later.)

He smiled, we talked and found out we both had gone to the same high school in the small town of Rendsburg and had recently sailed in one of the biggest sailing regattas in Germany, the Kieler Woche, in the same race, in the same class, but on competing boats. He won (on Germany's top ocean racer *Germania*, owned by the Krupp Steel Co), beating us 12 over-eager students coaxing every ounce of speed out of our 60' transatlantic racing yawl (the *Peter von Danzig*, built in 1935 for the race from Bermuda to Germany as part of the 1936 Berlin Olympics).



10,000-ton coal freighter *Rhenania* in Rotterdam.

It worked and there I was, suitcase in hand for a year's stay in the US, at a coal dock in Rotterdam to board the 10,000-ton coal freighter *Rhenania* hauling anthracite coal from Norfolk, Virginia, to the mouth of the Rhine River. The coal was still being transferred to 1,000-ton river boats (lighters and barges) which would then either steam up the Rhine River on their own power or be pulled up in long convoys.

The skipper and the officers of the *Rhenania* were very kind to me on board, treating me more like a trainee and using me to break their monotony of running across "the pond"



On the open Atlantic (*Rhenania*).

in ballast for ten days. They showed me everything from navigation to how they were using the new heavy fuel for their engines. I did a lot of good listening. Even though I had a student's visa for the upcoming academic year, at that time American immigration was not allowing any foreign seaman to step ashore. So I was listed as a passenger and had to pay the skipper ten Deutschmark per day for room and board, or DM 100 for the ten-day crossing (about \$25 at the exchange rate then) to be perfectly legal.



RZ with skipper (*Rhenania*)

All worked out fine, and the rest was easy. I was taken to a Greyhound station in Norfolk and took a bus to New York, Boston, and Bangor, Maine, eventually, also briefly stopping at Harvard and Yale, which I had to see, being a conscientious, aspiring graduate student. My German/International youth hostel pass also kept me in good standing at the YMCA in New York; New Haven, Connecticut; and Boston, Massachusetts. The local Bangor bus driver even dropped me off at the professor's house where I had to report to in Orono, the university town for Maine. He was not there, but his 19-year-old daughter Nancy was...

The rest is history. And yes, Grandfather, I eventually did sail across the Atlantic (in 1977) on a real wooden two-masted schooner as a watch captain (see "*Fiddler's Green* Across the Atlantic," *MAIB*, July 15, 2003, and on my website). I also have my own little 22'

sailboat in Maine and in recent years have paddled 5,000 miles (8,000 km) around all the New England states and all Canadian maritime provinces, including up the western shore of Newfoundland, in an even smaller man-powered boat, a solo sea canoe. I share my stories with family, friends, and the readers of various boating magazines as well as my website.

You, Opa Zollitsch, surely inspired me to do all those seafaring adventures and the sea stories you told me as a little wide-eyed kid are now bringing out my own boating stories. I recently noticed with pride that I have become you, I have become a grandfather of three grandsons aged one to four and suddenly find myself at the helm where you used to stand, just as in Hermann Hesse's lovely river story *Flotentraum* (*Flute Dream*). And like you and "the old man" in the Hesse story, I am now guiding the family boat and telling my tales of the sea and open horizons, of long journeys and happy arrivals. At this point in time, though, my three grandsons are still too young to be impressed by my stories or hearing about you and your windjammer adventures. But maybe some day...

Until then I invite you readers to check out my stories on my website. Hope you like them.

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Crossing the Atlantic, RZ at the helm of *Fiddler's Green* (1977).



June 7, Great Wycomico River, Virginia: A warm south wind outside and an impending cold front inside the boat convinced me to abandon my Mal de Port and set sail yesterday. The trip north was uneventful, at least mostly so. Crossing the mouth of the York River we heard the radio call, "This is the destroyer *Such and Such* to the sailboat in the York River mouth, please alter your course to avoid collision." Well, calls from things with names like "Destroyer" certainly warrant our attention. The only problem was we could not see any destroyer or, for that matter, any other boat. Some time later we saw the outline of a Navy ship in the haze astern. It was crossing behind us so I guess we did OK.

The only other event on the trip was an invasion of particularly nasty biting flies. At first they only attacked me and Kay was convinced that they only attacked males of Irish descent. As soon as I put on "Deep Woods Off" Kay discovered that the flies were not sexist and were multinational in taste. Their bites were not nice, leaving little red circles, sort of like the bite of an Assassin bug. I know this because I picked one of the critters up on the advice of a friend who assured me that it would not bite. You would think that the name would have been a clue.

We anchored yesterday afternoon. Shortly thereafter Kay announced that we were dragging anchor. I said, "nonsense." We have no anchor windlass and the anchor and chain are a bit hard for me to get up. So by definition we were anchored. Kay persisted in her delusion until it became mutual when I realized that the previous far shore was about to board us from the stern. We re-anchored.

Best boat name so far: *Costello*. Guess what was its owners' name? Hint: It was not "Martin."

June 8, Mill Creek, Great Wycomico River, Virginia: Last night we had a bad storm hit at midnight. It kept me up until 2am. We did not drag! I went back to bed. "It's back," Kay said as she woke me up at 3am. We had dragged, but not far, and were holding steady so I went back to bed. Kay stayed up until 5am. Have I mentioned that we do this for fun?

June 9, Solomon's Yachting Center, Patuxent River, Solomon's Island, Maryland: Last night the anchor alarm went off at 1am, 2am, and again at 3am. In all cases we were not dragging the anchor and I finally realized that the GPS was merely lonely and wanted company. So I patted it on the head and put it out of its misery.

The trip to the Solomon's was uneventful (until the end) but not without some comic relief. As we approached the Patuxent we heard repeatedly the following transmission in a female voice speaking much too rapidly, "This is a US Navy Landing Craft to the vessel (fill in name here). Reduce your speed to no wake and maintain a distance of 200 yards." She spoke so rapidly we could not even make out the name of the vessel being called only that it changed each time. After about the tenth such call in as many minutes someone came on the radio saying, "If you talked slowly we could understand you." Followed in quick succession by, "Amen," "Great," "About time," and "Just shut up." No more was heard from the lady. Kay motored us smartly into the slip and all was over for the day.

June 10, Solomon's Yachting Center, Patuxent River, Solomon's Island, Maryland: This morning we discovered that my computer had not survived the rough entrance into the Patuxent so I rented a car and

Waterlogged

Being a Chronicle of Ten Years of Misadventures Cruising Chesapeake Bay and Pamlico Sound

Part 9

Chesapeake 2005

By Carl Adler

made the eight-hour round trip to Newport News where I discovered that it would take a couple of weeks to repair it and consequently bought a new computer. In my haste I chose one that did not have the slot necessary for my cellular modem and consequently all this will have to wait to be sent until we are someplace that allows for a hook up.

Now for the Mystery. When I removed the computer from the box and fired it up for the first time it knew my name and had established a user account in that name. Nothing was hooked to it and it was certainly not connected to the Internet in any way, shape, or form. How did it know my name? If you can guess at a solution please let me know as I am more than ever befuddled!

June 12, Ledenham Creek, Broad Creek, Choptank River, Maryland: Yesterday, Day of Infamy, Spoor of the Devil, Cursed. That pretty much sums up yesterday's events. We left the Solomon's yesterday to make room for a (God forbid) Beneteau Convention. Glad to be gone. It was a zoo.

Had a nice sail to the Choptank. Made record time for us. Arrived at Dun Cove on Harris Creek at 3:20pm. You will probably note that we are not anchored there. Good reason for that, as will soon be explained.

On the trip up we were passed by the schooner *Arabella*. What a ship, 115' to 150' and flying seven sails. Aside from the main and jib I have no idea what the other sails are, although some are probably called staysails. It is the only sailboat we ever encountered that put up a wake that rocked us.



Arabella.

We have anchored many times at Dun Cove and really loved it. (Note the past tense.) The Guide to the Chesapeake says of Dun Cove, "The holding ground is good inside the cove, simply pick your spot and drop your hook." Damn to you! We dropped the hook, our trusty Delta Fast Set, and sailed by the other boats as if we had no anchor. Tried again, different place. Same result. By now people were collecting on their decks to watch the entertainment. Not to deprive them we tried again. Not even a hint of being an-

chored. We moved slower with the anchor in the boat.

OK, to keep every thing in perspective we arrived at Dun Cove at 3:20pm after traveling 38 miles. When this sad tale ends we will have traveled 46 miles and it will be 9:20pm.

Back to Dun Cove. We tossed both the anchor and salt over our left shoulder and waited. The wait was not long, we sailed past the other anchored boats as if we were connected to some mad undersea creature. We tried again. Same result. If you are counting, that is five tries. OK, I draw the line when the audience starts to bring out pitchers of drinks to aid in the entertainment. Besides that, pulling up the accursed anchor four more times than I could normally manage had done me in. We got the hell out of Dodge.

Off to Baby Owl Cove on Ledenham Creek. What? You can't get there from here? Just about true but we got there anyway. When we got to the Baby Owl there were several rafts of large boats swinging on a single anchor. Kay unwisely observed, "If all those boats can ride a single anchor, we can certainly anchor here." All the Gods in the heaven took note. We were doomed. We tried, we failed. By now we realized that the people in Dun Cove had called ahead as the pitchers of drinks were already present. We tried, we failed. We tried, we failed. Spectacularly. One more time. Same result. I think I heard applause.

We headed across the creek. Surely our luck would change? Right? Wrong. Try number 10 we dragged 300' in 30 seconds. We could win a sailboat race at that speed. What to do? Run aground on purpose? We both remembered that we had a huge storm anchor at the bottom of the lazarette which we never intended to use because it was inaccessible. But it was getting dark so desperate measures were called for. Picture this. You have one of those attics you access through a trap door in the ceiling. What you want is at the back behind everything else. Now turn the house upside down so that all is now upon the golden grail and you can appreciate our dilemma. Better yet, one of us is at the wheel because, ah, that's right, we are not anchored.

OK, time out again. At 7pm Kay announced we would have steaks for dinner. At 8pm the steaks were demoted to hotdogs. By 9pm Kay announced we were going to drink our dinner. I liked that. Ultimately we had multiple Manhattans, a banana, and peanuts.

Well, we got the anchor out by means of me going into the lazarette. The only problem was I could not get out of the lazarette. Ten years ago I could get out but it was now impossible. It was as deep as I am tall. Kay, while still steering the boat in circles, had to pull me out by mechanical means like a dead whale being hoisted aboard. I got the new anchor attached and down. It held. Maybe? We spent an hour staring at the GPS. Yes we were holding. Maybe? I collapsed. Slept. Got up at 3am and watched the GPS until dawn. We still look at it every 15 minutes. Both of us are sore.

Plato said, "A wise man speaks because he has something to say, a fool because he has to say something." Kay asked me why we did this and I, like a fool, answered with the only quote I might be remembered for, "While sailing, anything that does not kill you is, by definition, fun." It was not right time to say this!

June 13, Ledenham Creek, Broad Creek, Choptank River, Maryland: I awoke at 5am only to find that Kay was al-

ready awake reading her book. A first! The difference is that she would go back to sleep and I would not. I went outside and watched the crabbers work. The typical crab boat is 25' to 35' long with a small cabin forward and a cabin top extending back to the stern. If any crabber painted his boat anything but white I am sure that he was long ago executed. A 40' Hunter is anchored across the creek along with a small trawler. At 5:30am the Hunter turned off their anchor light and shortly after so did the trawler. Guess we were all up.

Compared to those in Pamlico or Albemarle Sounds the crab pots are not numerous. I watched one boat work, the only one whose name I could make out, *Kathy B*. I assume a wife, daughter, or girlfriend. We once named a boat after our daughter, *Dawn*. And come to think of it, long ago we had the *Katydid*.

Anyway, I am sure the crabbers think that the sailors are indolent slobs who are only in the way. Sailors, for the most part, regard crab pots as unnecessary encumbrances, that is until they sit down to a delicious crab dinner. Long ago we were at a marina where the owner of a 40' Brewer sailboat was also a professional crabber. Sort of a real life oxymoron.

I wish I could paint. The scenery is beautiful. I would like to share it in a more personal way than that which a digital camera can imitate. When I was younger there used to be matchbooks with pictures on them. The accompanying message said if you can draw this picture you can be an artist. I could not even draw the matchbook. Sad.

June 14, Slip D6, Mears Yacht Haven, Oxford, Maryland: I slept most of yesterday. Thankfully, as at 4:30am the anchor alarm went "bing." Usually it is a false alarm, but being rather sensitized to this lately I shot up. Stared at the damn thing for two hours until Kay got up. Unnecessarily as we were firmly anchored, which I discovered when I tried to extract the anchor and it drew up half of Chesapeake Bay bottom with it.

We left around 8am and got here at 10am and headed to the fuel dock, always our nemesis. Not a problem, the landing would not have damaged a flea. The takeoff was also a piece of cake. Getting into the slip would be a cinch. Oh foolish man. Our vanities go up in smoke. As it turns out we were in a narrow freeway and I somehow directed Kay into the wrong slip, "Honey, dear, this is not the proper slip."

"Well, sweetheart, why did you tell me to do this? Now I am in a tad of trouble as the boats behind me do not leave me room to back."

"Well, love, you have a lots of ingenuity, you will rise to the opportunity"

The rest of the conversation is unrecorded, but any cruising couple can translate it for you.

During our troubles the young dockhand supplied by the marina was almost no help but the captain of the super mega-yacht across the way was a big help. That the captain of a \$100 million yacht would help a \$60,000 sailboat is testimony to his character.

The yacht was *Mother Ocean*, which had once been at Waterside in Norfolk with us. We were told then that it was Jimmy Buffett's boat, but local knowledge says no. Anyway, as it was pulling away I looked up at the captain 500' above and said, "Thanks."

He replied, "Glad to," and held up a remote control and said this, "Get one of these." He hit one button and the bow jerked to the port, a second button and the stern followed along. I smiled and waved.

June 15, Slip D6, Mears Yacht Haven, Oxford, Maryland: Not much to report, thankfully. We walked down to "downtown" Oxford. There is one store there that seems to sell everything; groceries, deli meats, custom sandwiches, liquor, wine, frozen precooked meats, and so on. Did I mention that they sell liquor? We loaded up two backpacks, got a couple of sandwiches and drinks, stumbled over to the beautiful waterfront park across the way, and had a picnic. We trudged back to the boat, stopping by a local boat shop to buy a couple of anchor shackles. There I learned that Easton online is setting up a free wireless network for this area.

On a related matter I got a call from Newport News that my Powerbook was now fixed. In the meantime I purchased the cheapest Mac iBook I could find to tide me over. I assumed that it did not come with wifi. I was wrong. I am sitting in a hot spot and have been all along. Now I need to figure out how to become a registered user.

Kay says that she would like to live here. We would have a better chance of affording San Francisco. An ancient one bedroom house (not on the water) is \$425,000. The house we really liked was \$4.5 million. Anyone for a donation?

We plan to leave Friday for points up the river. Then who knows?

June 17, Trippe Creek, Tred Avon River, Maryland: Given the wind, length of the slip, and lack of backing space, I can't speak for Kay, but I thought we had zero chance of getting out of our slip this morning without disaster. We did without a problem. We motored upriver to Trippe Creek which, according to the Waterway Guide, can anchor 100 boats. We are waiting for the other 99 boats to arrive. Meanwhile the predicted 5-10kt winds are chirping in at 20 to 25. But we are anchored!

A boat name that tempts fate: *Beautifully Done*.

June 18, same place: I asked Kay last night when she started worrying about getting out of the slip. She said 30 seconds after we got into the slip four days ago. Sounds about right.

We are still waiting for the 95 other boats but are very happy here. My internal anchor alarm went off at 3am this morning and I checked the GPS. We definitely were drifting around, but checking the anchor I realized what the problem was, there was no wind at all. The anchor rope was limp. Went back to bed.

We miss 101.7FM, it is the only radio station I know of that plays Chris deBerg. Almost everyone has heard a little of him in a TV commercial, *Lady in Red*. Last night we listened to Daniel Lanois and also danced the Watusi to *America*. I actually tried to do a pole dance. I have no idea what a pole dance is but I think it has something to do with square dancing or something like that.

June 19, Trippe Creek, Tred Avon River, Maryland: Yesterday we had a pleasant surprise. I was doing what I do best on the boat, which is to say, napping. The phone rang. I heard Kay answer it and say, "Hi, Tom. I see you. We will get the bumpers out." That woke me up. We were visited by Tom Dove who rafted with us for several hours before setting *Crescendo* loose and anchoring nearby for the night. Kay is working on a giant crossword puzzle with almost 900 clues. I am reading my third book of the trip, a Stuart Woods novel.

June 20, Trippe Creek, Tred Avon River, Maryland: All day on the 19th was marked by a lot of wind and a lot of anxiety over dragging the anchor. The good news, we did not drag the anchor. The bad news was we did not drag the anchor which means getting it up today will be a challenge. We will head to a marina today as we are in dire need of ice. So far we have used 19.5 gallons of Diesel (@2.00/gal) and 215lbs of ice (@0.20/lb). Pretty much an even break. More later.

June 20, Knapp Narrow Marina, Knapp Narrows, Tilghman Island, Maryland: Knapp Narrows is, well, how can I put this, narrow. We got in without a problem. Small miracle there. We got through the bascule bridge without a problem. That's all there is to worry about. Right? Wrong! Getting into the floating dock at the marina looked easy. Little did we know. The current was so strong that the boat refused to move towards the dock. Kay, informing me in no uncertain terms that she knew what she was doing, proceeded to use a series of complex back and forth moves to crabwalk the boat unto the dock. Her skill, plus the help of the most skilled dockhand we have yet to encounter anyplace, got us safely and securely tied up. Now all we have to do is get out.

I hasten to add that we're not the only ones having problems. Every sailboat had the same result without, in many cases, happy endings. We saw a Hunter 31 try to dock four times before giving up and going on its way.

June 21, Knapp's Narrow Marina, Knapp's Narrows, Tilghman Island, Maryland: This is a very nice marina. Continental breakfast in the morning, swimming pool, and, best of all, a wireless connection. Also there is a fine restaurant. Last night at 3am I was awakened by the sound of a motor and the always alarming cry of, "Oh, no!" There are a couple of other two-word phrases that mean roughly the same thing, but none bode well for the utterer. It was too dark to see anything but hearing no crash I guess all went fine in the end.

We have seen some of the strangest boat names ever here. Chief among these were *The Lords Prayer*, by way of contrast, *Hell Froze Over*, and the always popular, *Worm*.

June 21, same damn place: Kay loves this place. I suspected I was going to have to use dynamite to dislodge her but now that is even going to be impossible. For dinner I had clams and Kay had oysters. I had a side salad and Kay had a side pearl (in her oyster). Talk about luck. I think she should have a ring made out of it.

Actually I like it here as much as Kay. We are next to the busiest lift bridge in the world, or so we are told. It opens hundreds of times a day and is so perfectly balanced it requires little energy to do so. The variety of activity is fascinating.

We are on a floating facing pier meaning it is parallel to the Narrows. The wind is pinning us to the pier so leaving right now would be a challenge for me. The boat in front of is a Gozzard, a VERY nice boat. He said they were leaving in the morning. I said, "great I want to see how you do it." He said he had one small advantage: Bow thrusters. Damn!

On a cigarette style boat, *War Pig*.

June 22, ditto: We were to leave today but we are heading W and then NW and the wind is blowing 10 to 15 from the W due to switch to 15 from the NW. It is said that "Gentlemen never sail to weather," well, this "Gentleman" does not even motor to weather. We have little to complain about, though,

this is the first "bad" day we have had on the trip so far. We have not even had to run the air conditioner and wind conditions have been uniformly superb.

Leaving here, whenever that turns out to be, we exit by a narrow channel where we have run aground before. Very encouraging, of course. To make matters worse my new GPS has it charted wrong, showing one of the red marks on the wrong side of the channel. Or, to put it in even a worse light, the channel on the wrong side of the mark. I guess we will find out tomorrow.

Nowadays most sailors carry towing insurance, you can get it in any amount depending on your level of pessimism. We carry unlimited. Our contract is with TowboatUS, the local franchise of which is named prosaically "Tow Jamm." When we heard it over the radio for the first time, not knowing how they spell it, it sure sounded strange.

I talked to the captain of the *Lady Patty*, a sailboat that carries people for hire, and he says his electronic GPS C-Charts have the same error as our Garmin "BlueWater" Electronic Charts. Something strange in Cartographyville.

June 23, Whitehall Bay, Severn River, Maryland: If ever there was an uneventful day, this was it, though it could easily have been otherwise. The case of the misplaced red marker was resolved in favor of the red marker. It was where it should be, the electronic chart had the channel in the wrong place. That made leaving Knapp's Narrows part of one of those things that lead to fulfilling the curse, "May you live an interesting life." We made it literally by 1". After that we motored for four hours on what amounted to a huge pond. We are now "anchored" in a smaller beautiful pond. I say "anchored" and not anchored because right now half a brick would hold us in place.

June 24, Whitehall Creek, Severn River, Maryland: I can now say we were and are anchored. Our friend Tom Dove advised us to go into Whitehall Creek because, in his words, "Whitehall Bay can get lumpy." Lumpy indeed! But, as I said, it was a pond and a predicted 5kts from the (exposed) south would not be bad today. Right, but how about 15 and 20? Ouch!

Why do I trust the NOAA weather forecasts? Got me. At 2pm today we were told that tomorrow on our trip to Baltimore we would have 5kts from the west. Great. Two hours later we are told that it will be 5 to 10 from the south. Not bad either. But what will it actually be? I might as well flip a coin.

Last night at 7:30pm we counted 49 sailboats on the small part of the Severn which we could view from our location. I should say "I counted" since Kay said they were uncountable. Probably right. Oriental, North Carolina, likes to characterize itself as the "Sailing Capital of the World," "North Carolina," maybe but not the "World" or even the "East Coast."

June 27, Inner Harbor Marina, Inner Harbor, Patapsco River, Baltimore, Maryland: Fifteen to 20 years ago we would have enjoyed 15-20kt winds, but no more. Not to worry, it was 10-15 when we pulled anchor two days ago. This would have made for a nice sail toward the north. By the time we got out of Whitehall Bay and into the main bay it had dropped to zero.

Since we were following the main ship channel to Baltimore we expected to "run into" some big ships but no, we did not run into any until we started up the Patapsco River. However they were not the real problem. We

must have been crazy to head to Baltimore on a Saturday. The river was coated with beavies of huge power boats. Very large wakes were everywhere. Not much fun, but not a threat either. So, all in all, it was a good trip.

Coming into the slip I started to give instructions. The dock master told me that "she is doing great." I became silent and we docked without a bump.

It is a very nice marina, though it is expensive. \$13 for electricity and cable is by far the most we have seen. The cable does not work, so far it is not clear whose problem it really is. Not that important to us in any case.

Yesterday we took the Water Taxi to Little Italy and later to Fells Point. Kay is limited in how far she can walk, but told me that if Little Italy was really Little Italy there would be benches everywhere. There were benches everywhere. It was great. We ate lunch at a restaurant (corner of High Street and Eastern Ave.) with a display of desserts that would tempt a diabetic. I had spaghetti with a sauce like nothing I had before. Excellent!

We had never been to Fells Point before. One of my friends from the University told me it was "Really something." He was right. Walking around I came across a wad of money. We happened to be near Max's, which advertises itself as "having the most beer on tap East of the Mississippi." What to do with the money I found? Let me think. We sat at the bar drinking beer and watching a baseball game. They did not even object to me smoking my pipe. While we were at Fells Point we noticed that there was a lot of "action" at a place called "The Greene Turtle."

Later that night we called our daughter, Dawn, and told her about our day. Hearing that we went to Fells Point she asked if we had been at the Greene Turtle? Turns out she used to go there. We were flabbergasted, having no idea that she had ever been to Fells Point, Baltimore or even Maryland for that matter. We will go back there for lunch today or tomorrow.

June 28, Inner Harbor Marina, Inner Harbor, Patapsco River, Baltimore MD: Yesterday I decided I wanted to go to the Aquarium. There are three problems with this plan: 1) There is a long line for the tickets; 2) Tickets are expensive; 3) When you get your ticket it usually requires you to wait two hours before you can enter.

OK. I get in line in the rain. The guy in front of me turns around and says would you like to buy a ticket. His ticket is \$17 and all I have is \$10s or \$20s. I pull out a \$20 and say "Do you have three singles?"

He says "No! How about you give me a \$10 and I will give you two \$1s?" I stop and make some mental calculations and "reluctantly" agree.

Net result: 1) I don't stand in line. 2) His ticket was purchased a couple of hours earlier so I get to enter immediately. 3) It cost me \$8 and not \$17. This, coupled with the money I found yesterday, leads Kay to think I am on a roll. I guess I need to buy some lottery tickets. Maybe lots of lottery tickets. On the other hand maybe I will find some lottery tickets today.

I realized this morning that I badly miscalculated my morning medicines. I had enough of the evening versions to get us home, but I was almost out of the morning ones. I have no idea how this happened? Just in case I made such an error, prior to leaving, we had moved all our prescriptions to Walgreens. After all we can probably find a Walgreens in the Gobi Desert. Located a Walgreens within walking distance of the Inner

Harbor. Called them and within five minutes the problem was solved. I guess that I would recommend this to any cruiser.

We are waiting for friends from Greenville, Rodney and Mary Schmidt, who are in Baltimore for the Orioles/Yankees series. Sure hope they are Yankee fans, as of late the Baltimore team has not been doing well.

June 29, Inner Harbor Marina, Inner Harbor, Patapsco River, Baltimore MD: We spent a great afternoon yesterday with Rodney and Mary. The Greene Turtle turned out to be a disappointment. One poor young woman was bar tender, waitress, and cook. The service was "strained". Most of us chose "Eastern Shore" crab cakes. Regrettably we forgot to ask which "Eastern Shore" on what ocean, sea or bay? Oh well the company was great. Glad to see in this morning's paper that the Orioles won last night in extra innings. I am sure that greatly pleased our friends.

I did not find any lottery tickets yesterday. **June 30, Inner Harbor Marina, Inner Harbor, Patapsco River, Baltimore MD:** I bought a lottery ticket yesterday. The first time ever. It gave me 19 chances to win.

When we come to the Inner Harbor we receive among other items a "Water Taxi" Map. The map shows many items of interest to cruisers. In particular, the nearby "Cross Street Market" is worth a visit even if we need nothing, but if we do need something it is probably there in triplicate. Not shown on the map is a liquor store located diagonally across the street from the market. Also within a half a block there is a very good Italian deli and a 7/11 store. All of possible use to cruisers seeking provisioning. Finally near Harbor Point on Fayette St between Calvert and Light Sts there is a Walgreens.

Yesterday Tom Dove and his grandson visited us for lunch. They had been to the IMax Theater in the nearby science museum. They urged us to go and see the movie "Bugs". The "catch" here is that it is not only shown on the huge IMax screen, it is also in 3D. Your perspective is that of a bug and you are in there. One scene with a spider in your lap will make you jump in your seat.

July 1, Slip D61, North Point Marina, Rock Hall Harbor, Rock Hall MD: For the second year we were able to get into Rock Hall for the July Fourth weekend on short notice. Something of a miracle since people generally make reservations two months ahead of time. Rock Hall is famous for its fireworks show.

We pulled out of our slip at Inner Harbor at 7:45am. Our strategy was to "get out of Dodge" before the "Huns" arrived for the July 4 weekend. It worked! We encountered only two recreational powerboats in the two hours it took us to clear the Patapsco River. In fact, in crossing the Bay we encountered only two more. Rather amazing for a Friday.

Kay takes us out of Salt Ponds.



The winds were supposed to be 10 to 15 from the SW, but the Bay was a pond with zero wind until we reached Rock Harbor then, as if on cue, we got the 10 to 15. This time I remained silent keeping my sage advice to myself as Kay brought the boat into the slip in a crosswind. Perfect! The dock hand said, "Nice Job."

On the way over, early on, the Coast Guard announced that they were searching for a man in the water as a result of a fall from the (186' high) Chesapeake Bay Bridge. About an hour later the Coast Guard came back on the radio this time announcing that the search for the man who JUMPED (their emphasis) off the bridge had been discontinued.



Through the Bay Bridge on the way to the Little Choptank.

Yesterday we spent our last afternoon in the Inner Harbor touring the ships. The first ship was the 133' lightship, *Chesapeake*. According to the literature she carried two 5,000lb mushroom anchors. The 1,000' anchor chain was the size of my leg. Yet twice during hurricanes the chain broke. Ye Gads I am glad I was not there.

The second ship, properly called a boat, was the 311' US submarine *Torsk*. Reminded me of my cave exploring days. How they crammed 80 men into the 27' wide boat beggars the imagination.

The third ship was the 327' USCGC *Taney*, the last surviving warship afloat today from the attack on Pearl Harbor. Compared to the *Torsk* it was plush. There was a 3D model exhibit of Pearl Harbor after the attack on board. The destruction was much greater than I ever imagined. Also most of the battleships were sunk from air launched torpedoes. The battleships docked so that they were not open to torpedoes were hit by bombs and most of them were damaged, not sunk.

The last ship was the 1855, 179' square rigger *USS Constellation*. This was the last sailing ship without auxiliary power built by the US Navy. In addition to 16 cannons it has two Parrott rifles, which really are specially constructed cannons with rifling. One of them has a range of over 4 miles. Believe it or not it actually took part in the Second World War and was at one point the flagship of the US Atlantic Fleet.

Seen on a large Yacht, *My Children's Inheritance*.

Heard on the VHF, "Tapped Out, On the Rocks calling." I do not even want to be on a boat called *On The Rocks*.

July 4, Slip D61, North Point Marina, Rock Hall Harbor, Rock Hall MD: We leave tomorrow to start back. Hopefully we will pick a better time to leave than we did to arrive. We arrived at dead low tide which made for a tense entrance. Last year we ran aground coming into Rock Hall and only res-

cued ourselves by me getting into the dinghy. This year we are carrying our dinghy uninflated on deck so that option was not open to us this time. As we were entering the depth meter registered 3'9" so the actual depth was 4'9". We draw 4'6" unloaded. Loaded I figured we draw 5", I guess I was wrong.

Last night was the Rock Hall fireworks show. Like last year it was spectacular with multiple bursts every minute for a full hour. Almost as impressive was the vast city of spectator boats anchored off Rock Hall. In the dark the lights from the boats looked like the Manhattan skyline.

July 5, Slip D61, North Point Marina, Rock Hall Harbor, Rock Hall MD: We are still here. Today the wind was 10-15 from the south and as that is the direction we will be going we decided to stay put. The winds for the next few days seem to be more favorable. Right now we are in a nasty thunderstorm and I am glad we are in the slip. We ended up at North Point Marina last year because they were the only one with space. People generally make reservations for the 4th of July weekend in February. So we were lucky last year and again this year. North Point is very nice and run by very nice people. When I went up to tell them that we were staying an additional day they said "Great. You don't owe us anything. A five day stay qualifies for the weekly rate which is covered by what you paid for the four nights." Amazing! I already had my credit card out. Nice marina.

We ate at Waterman's Crab House three times. It is rated as the third best place on the Bay for steamed crabs and the fifth best place for crab cakes. We had both. The crab cakes were definitely Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake and vastly superior to what we had at Fell's Point. Two days ago they offered all you can eat crabs for \$21. That is pretty good considering crabs are in short supply and selling for up to \$60 a dozen. Kay and I put a dent in the population as we ate crabs for almost two hours.

July 6, Hudson Creek, Little Choptank River, MD: We left today in a blazing gale of 0-5 knots from the north. Kay exited the slip perfectly and we were on our way. It was so nice we decided to pass up our destination of the Rhodes River and went on to the Little Choptank. Other than encountering lots of large commercial ships nothing interesting happened. We have seen only one pelican and no dolphins so far. The lack of pelicans is a surprise. Last night we were watching Maryland Public TV and they said that there were 1,200 nesting pairs on Smith Island. When we first came up here in 1991 people on Smith Island told us that the last pelican was seen in 1905. Quite a change.

Seen on a very large trawler in Rock Hall, the very best name ever, *Meanderer*.

July 7, Solomons Yachting Center, Solomons Island, MD: Well, I did not fall overboard. We did not run aground, nor were we lost in a fog. Boring right? Nope, plenty of excitement. Starting with this morning. After our new anchor saved us at Broad Creek, Kay has named our anchor St Ignatius of the Deep. Well Iggy boy apparently let us down last night. At 7:33am the anchor alarm went off. A quick look showed that during the night the wind shifted by 180 degrees. I had let out a lot of line so it is just possible that we didn't drag, but my best guess is that we dislodged the anchor during the night and it probably reset.

However, we were mighty close to the boat behind us and unless I wanted to share

coffee with their crew we needed to get out of there. The predicted north wind was from the south at about 5 knots. The day had an evil feeling to it. So hazy that anything more than a mile away was invisible. Also small craft warnings were posted for tomorrow morning. All in all we were glad to get off the water today.

The trip was relatively uneventful except of course for the traditional cruising boat clubs who insist on blowing by at 50' when it was easily possible for them to be miles away and as usual so close together that we could not turn into their wakes. I just enjoy watching them burn up gas.

It is hard to say which was more fun, the water taxis in the inner harbor or the Rock Hall trolleys. You can ride the latter for \$3 all day and the former all day for \$8. (Last year it was \$5 but that was before the two water taxi companies merged.) I guess the water taxis win on the basis of their fearless docking maneuvers. One of the captains we met last year and again this time belonged to the same camping cooperative in Gloucester as our friends the Watkins. Nice guy.

July 8, Solomons Yachting Center, Solomons Island, MD: Last night about 3am the remnants of Hurricane Cindy came by. There is only one radio station we can get, 97.7, but it is a great one. Anyway at 3am the station played *A Paler Shade of White*. That woke me up and then I noticed we had almost horizontal rain. Yuck. Glad we were not trusting St Ignatius. Last night we were listening to the same station and they played *Run Around Sue*. Another Watusi broke out. Can't help it, nor could anyone without a broken leg.

July 9, Mill Creek, Great Wicomico River, VA. The most important thing I did in the Solomons was get a haircut at the same place Kay and I, as well as Karen and Dennis (Honeycutt), got them last year. (And from the same women). Leaving the Solomons this morning was much less eventful than coming in two days ago. For one thing we did not get run down. OK we didn't get run down then either but it was not from lack of trying. On approaching the Patuxent three fishing boats "tried" to run us down. In all three cases there were 6 to 10 men on board everyone looking back and no one at the helm or standing lookout. Nobody even looked when Kay blew the horn to warn of (a narrowly missed) collision. They passed 10' astern. Yikes.

We did our best to stay out of the way, but the fishing boats were moving in a generally unpredictable manner. Heard on the radio, "I am passing you. It is your job to stay out of my way." Of course he was totally wrong, the overtaking boat is the burdened craft. I wonder where he picked up his boating knowledge? I really do not understand these cruising clubs, they roar all over the Chesapeake nose to tail for no apparent purpose. They all have names like *Lover Boy*, *Honey's Choice* and *Dynamic Duo*, for example.

After escaping the aimless fishing boats we started in the entrance channel to Solomon's Harbor. A boat, *Salt and Sand*, roars by us, almost swamping us heading out followed by an angry call from the marina manager of the Solomons' Yachting Center on the VHF: "*Salt and Sand*, you damaged our docks you need to get in touch with me." *Salt and Sand* roars back. Nice guy? Responsible boater? Nope. Next we hear him calling Spring Cove Marina asking for fuel. They replied that they saw him but he was putting up too big of a wake. Not a nice guy. Not a responsible boater. Kay thought nobody sober would behave that way. Ha!

Yesterday was a major waste of time. In the morning Kay discovered that there was 6" of water under the holding tank. Not a good sign. We got out the pump and started to pump it into the bilge where the automatic bilge pump would dispense with it in short order. After taking turns pumping for a half hour we realized we were getting nowhere. Brainstorm: Maybe we should check the bilge? Right the bilge was overflowing. Our automatic bilge pump was not so automatic after all. We spent the next five hours with our heads in the bilge trying to fix it. No luck. Drats.

July 11, Tides Lodge, Tides Marinas, Carter Creek, Rappahannock River, VA: I promise never to complain about a boring day again. I promise never to complain about a boring day again. I promise never to complain about a boring day again, etc. Everything was fine, or so we thought, foolish us, we were motoring down from Mill Creek to the Tides Marinas. No problem. Right? Wrong! We were approaching the Rappahannock Bridge, only the fourth bridge (two of them trice) we have encountered on the entire five plus weeks and the motor decided that it did not want to run at 2,800rpm and decided to run at 2,000rpm. Kay said something like "Oh dear something is amiss" and I said something like "Holy pit". That was bad enough but it got "badder". As we got to the bridge it decided that 1,500rpm was a lot better than 2,000rpm. Kay said...oh well, you get the idea. We inched through the bridge, I had the sails ready to deploy but in zero wind we were not comforted.

Next we headed for Carter Creek at 1,200rpm. I called the marina and requested a slip assignment and also told them we were having engine trouble and if we appeared to do something stupid when we got there (if we got there) it was because we had no engine power. 1,000rpm. Yikes. we idled into a slip. 800rpm. 600rpm. Pift. Dead. Kay looked at me and said "We were lucky". I guess?

Well if we are going to be stranded this is the place I would choose. Three swimming pools and three restaurants, not bad. Called an engine repair place this morning and they said they would have somebody here today. Before they would talk to me I had to give them a credit card number. Not a good sign.

On our trip down here we passed my favorite place on the Chesapeake. I think of it as "Philosopher's Point", because only a philosopher would name it "Point No Point". We were blessed with many pelican sightings and a plethora of sting rays. No sharks, of course, since Kay says there are no sharks in the Chesapeake. That big fish that rolled by our boat must have been a badly deformed cobia.

July 11, Tides Lodge, Tides Marinas, Carter Creek, Rappahannock River, VA: Well by a miracle we did get a Diesel mechanic to come today, who decided we had a clogged fuel filter. Since I had them changed before we left we must have picked up some bad fuel somewhere. The question, of course, is can we get back to Salt Ponds without it happening again? The answer is...? He said we might be able to make it for a year without a problem or maybe not get out of Carter Creek. Encouraging? We decided to have the fuel pumped out and clean fuel put in to replace it. That is we decided to do it before we learned that to pump out 15 to 16 gallons was going to take 5 to 6 hours. Ouch. The weather looks better for Wednesday than Thursday. If we have the job done that will put us leaving on Thursday. I think we will take our chances. Tune in later for the results of this "wisdom".

Around 2pm the nose to tail crew, 12 boats in number, came roaring in and immediately took over the swimming pool. As we threaded through them to clear water I learned something. Overheard: "That's why I like traveling with Hal, he makes all the decisions and I just follow along." OK now I understand. Everything. To escape them we moved to the adjoining patio only to be told by them that they had it reserved. I wonder if murder is still against the law? Justifiable homicide?

We sometimes travel with our friends the Honeycutts, but neither of us follows the other probably because we all believe we know a better way.

Before I forget, I should mention that we are using a new anchor technique suggested by Tom Dove. The anchor, a short chain, 50' of line, and then the long chain in that order. That way our 65 year old antique "windlass" called Carl does not have to lift the long chain and the anchor at the same time. Works great. Thanks Tom.

July 12, Tides Lodge, Tides Marinas, Carter Creek, Rappahannock River, VA: If the next entry does not say Salt Ponds, we made a big mistake. The Tides Marinas are really two facilities: Tides Inn and Tides Lodge. We have stayed at both places. They are about 100 yards away from each other but 4 miles by road. As a result they run a water taxi continuously between them. The Tides Lodge is being used mainly as a marina and is rumored to be turning into condominiums. Its restaurant is closed so we use one of the three restaurants at the Tides Inn. Well actually one of the two since the third requires men to wear a suit and tie. I think I last did that 10 or 15 years ago at my daughter's wedding.

I went for a walk this morning and discovered that our cruising club friends had somehow managed to get a full size sailboat into the swimming pool and were trying to sail around the pool. What can I add to that?

July 13, Tides Lodge, Tides Marinas, Carter Creek, Rappahannock River, VA: Damn Dennis, the hurricane, not the friend. This is the second time a hurricane by that name did us in. We disconnected everything last night and set the alarm for 5:30am so we could get an early start in order to avoid the mandatory late afternoon thunderstorms. We did not need to bother as we were woken at 4:30am by a thunderstorm. One of about 25 to hit us between that time and noon. At no time did I not see a storm on the radar heading for us. They did not seem all that extreme and we might have chanced it if we were more confident about our engine. That and the fact that the Coast Guard was putting out warning for "Mariners to seek Safe Harbor". The last time we ignored that we really regretted it. Being braver than us the Cruising Club left at 10am. Thus we ended up with two pools to ourselves. We spent the afternoon swimming, reading and drinking sangria by the pool. Some way to suffer.

July 14, Salt Ponds!!! It was a dark and stormy night. (I always wanted to say that). OK it was not night it was day. And although storms were predicted there were none. But it was dark part of the day at least. So I guess it was semi-dark day. Just does not sound the same.

We made it. Set the alarm for 5:30am but did not need to as I was up at 4am checking the radar, barometer, wind gauge and phases of the moon. Slipped lines at 6:15am and arrived at Salt ponds at 1:15pm, two hours before the first thunderstorm. Not a problem. Perfect day except the only wind was about 4

knots on our nose and we had taken the sail cover off in wishful thinking.



Entering Salt Ponds.

July 17, Slip D11, Salt Ponds: Not depeaked yet. We certainly planned on being home. BUT! You will recall that in the past I reported that our automatic bilge pump didn't. I have tried numerous times to fix it but alas and alack I have a perfect record. I have not mentioned that about two weeks ago our stainless steel water tank decided to drop all 60 gallons of water into every available locker, floor space, and, of course, the uncooperative bilge. Since then the tank also has a perfect record. Things could not possibly get worse. (I know better than to say that!).

Friday evening it was hot and the air conditioner was not doing well. I decided that I had better do something and I checked the in-line strainer. Sure enough it was clogged. To clean the strainer I need to close the through hull fitting, which in this case is tough. So I waited for Kay to return from shopping for support. I seized the lever and pulled. The result, although I did not know it at the time, was I almost closed it. The key word in that last sentence was "almost". According to my dictionary "almost" means "nearly" or "not completely". Well "not completely", in this case, does not cut it. Not even close. To get to the strainer I had to remove the bowl. When I did it I discovered water was still pouring out. Hence the "almost". Not a problem. Right? By now you know the answer to that question.

I looked at the lever I used to shut the through hull and saw that it probably needed to be rotated another 1/2". I expected it to be hard and I was surprised when it easily moved an inch, 2" inches, 6". I suddenly realized I was holding it and its associated shaft in my hand nowhere near where it was supposed to be. Now the water was coming out the hole where the shaft should have been.

The Lever.



So lets review; "Tons" of water are running into the bilge. No water for the air conditioner. No cooling. Heat indices in the 100s We can go home or to a hotel. Right. The automatic part of our bilge pump was now named Kay and Carl. We can't leave the boat. It is Friday night and there is no one to help. Maybe tomorrow. For those of you old enough to remember we feel like the guy stranded on the MTA.

Later Kay said "why does anyone in their right mind own a boat?" I made sure the table was between us and I said, "Remember we do this for fun."

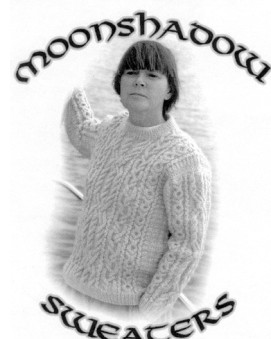
July 19, Greenville NC: Now it can be said: It snowed in hell and we went for six weeks without running aground. The latter

being much less likely than the former. We arrived yesterday at 5pm under a perfect ending to the trip in a storm so intense that we did not even dare make a dash for the door. I have to admit that there were rather more "fun" incidents this trip, but there were also a lot of real fun incidents. How else can we travel 500 miles to all sorts of interesting places on 40 gallons of fuel, have no motel fees, eat at many great places and lose 15 pounds? Sounds good to me although the water tank problem is not the happiest thought I have. The bilge pump is fixed which is why are here and not there.

Some things I forgot to mention: We did see lots of pelicans on the way south. Do not plan to use credit cards at most stores at

Knapps Narrows or Oxford, although ATMs are generally within walking distance. Also there are nice delis at both places. There is no cable available at North Point Marina in Rock Hall but there are a number of regular stations available. Rock Hall has a good supermarket for provisioning. We did not see the Coast Guard even once, whereas in the past they frequently stopped us. I guess we fit some profile of dangerous people types. For most of the trip we could swim wherever we anchored (that is when we managed to actually anchor). Very few jellyfish until the last week or so.

Did I mention that we did not run aground?




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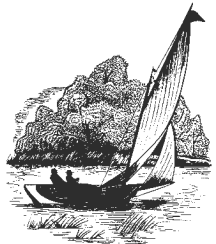
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A Lifetime on the Water

Part 12

Onboard the Essex Class Carrier *U.S.S. Randolph* (CV-15) During World War II

By Ensign Lionel Taylor

It was the night of March 11, 1945, and the *Randolph*, a member of the famed Fast Carrier Task Force 58 under Admiral "Bull" Halsey, had just returned from supporting the Marine landings on the Japanese island of Iwo Jima. Our Task Group had been detached from the fleet and after being refueled was ordered to proceed to Ulithi Atoll for a little rest and relaxation (R&R). Ulithi, a part of the Western Caroline Islands, was the Navy's massive staging harbor for the ships involved in the drive on Japan.

On this particular night a movie called *A Song to Remember* was playing for the crew on the forward portion of the hangar deck where our aircraft were generally stored and repaired. I may have forgotten the movie but I'll always remember the night. The ship at this time was overly crowded by Navy flyers and brass and the normal population of ship's company of 3,000 had jumped to 5,000, forcing lowly ensigns like me and my Gunnery Department buddy, Glen Krause, to sleep on cots in the ship's passageways. We didn't want

to see the movie and so decided to change our sleeping quarters for the better.

Or so we thought. Constructed along the flight deck galleries port side were a series of 20mm and 40mm ammunition ready rooms. Shells were stored around the periphery of each room but the center was open. The aftermost room we had selected for our new home was air conditioned and, although we still had to use our cots, it seemed an ideal sleeping quarters after where we had been staying. While the movie had been going on we decided to make the move. The movie was just letting out and I was carrying a load of my belongings along a crosswalk over the hangar deck about 20 yards from our ready room when I felt the ship pitch heavily stern to bow and then continue to lurch up and down. A giant wave of smoke and fire erupted off to my left toward the stern.

My first thought was that we had been hit by a torpedo. Then all hell broke loose on the hangar deck below. Sailors were down and people were running everywhere. General Quarters sounded and I immediately dropped everything on the crosswalk and rushed to my battle station high in the forward gun director. Since I had the big ship's island behind me I couldn't see what was going on aft, only that the whole sky was lit up and the sound of cries and calls and hot ammunition detonating. We finally got the sketchy word over the ship's sound-powered phones that we had been hit in the stern by a Japanese kamikaze plane. Many were dead and wounded but the ship was not going to sink.

At seven minutes after eight a twin engine Jap bomber of a type called Frances loaded with a welded-on bomb had slipped past the radar screen and interceptor patrols and crashed at the end of the flight deck starboard side. A great hole was torn in the deck and hot ammunition from the ready rooms began to detonate. How fortunate I was I could never believe. In another couple of minutes I would have been in the ready room I had selected as my "bedroom" and would have been blown sky high as the plane crashed into the

stern and the bomb and plane exploded into the crew on the hangar deck below. No one could have lived through that area that night.

What was this, I thought. Our ship had safely avoided kamikaze attacks while operating off Iwo Jima only to come here to an apparent "safe zone" and become a target?! There was a lot of work to be done to return *Randy* to operating conditions again. All everyone could envision was a trip stateside or at least to Honolulu for repairs. Anything to get us away from Kamikaze Junction! However, it was not to be. Right there in Ulithi the Navy repair ship *Jason* came alongside and they, along with the ship's company, put the ship back into operating condition in 16 days! This was a phenomenal feat since most of the capital ships in the Navy had to be sent back home to repair damages such as these.

The key seemed to lie with one of the ship's company who had previously worked for the Otis Elevator Company. The kamikaze attack had wrecked our plane's starboard arresting gear with parts not available on the ship or on *Jason*. With this man's repair knowledge from working on elevators, he devised a method of returning the arresting gear to operating condition with the parts we had. We were soon ready to go back into action at a time when the big carriers were badly needed for the invasion of Okinawa.

World War II started for me like many others with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor December 7, 1941. It was a Sunday afternoon around 3pm when the announcement came over the little radio I had in my dormitory room. I was a freshman in Colgate University at the time and had just decided I'd better start my Physical Science assignment for Monday when I heard the news. The whole college had previously been in a stage of general unrest what with the war going on in Europe and with the US partial commitment to the Allies' through our Lend Lease and Bundles for Britain programs. I guess we were all wondering how soon we would be getting into the war and what that would mean to each of us.



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Wow. I heard that little voice again today. You know, the one that says something like, "This just ain't right." Yeah, I heard it. No, I didn't pay enough attention. But I sure hope I do next time.

My dock neighbor, Gene, who's a few years older than I am, presented a small problem to me about a week ago. Most of us have heard this at one time or another. He simply said, "My halyard's gone to the masthead." Hey, I was right on it. You see, I have this "halyard getter" standing by for just such an emergency. It's an old HF whip antenna with a combination hook and claw at one end and an aged tennis ball at the other. Standing on tip toes on a cabin top with this gives me about 30' of reach. Normally, enough. I say normally because it seems that Gene had managed to pull his halyard all the way up, probably in the vain effort to somehow shake it down. Dunno.

But there it was. Hauled up tight. Two blocked all the way into the masthead sheave. Right there, between the topping lift and the backstay clevis pin. Like I said, stuck. Another dock neighbor, Nelson, heard us in deep consultation and offered, "You guys need a hand?"

Nelson's a power boater but any offer to help can be a good thing when the outcome is anything but certain. Gene has an old Newport 27 with a rather husky and unusually tall stick rising about 40' above a decidedly flush deck. Somehow we had to increase our reach by 10' or more. Probably more on the order of 15'. No problem. I fell to growing the halyard getter by removing the masthead fitting out of a Lido 14 mast that my friend Bob had given me to help with a now-abandoned project to lighten *Lady Bug's* spar and rigging, since gone the other way with a longer and heavier mast supporting a larger sail and more rigging. But that's quite another story.

I peeled off the ancient tennis ball and miraculously the old fiberglass whip just fit into the erstwhile Lido 14 extrusion. It slid nicely down to the hounds, about 5' into the mast section. Now we had a pole that could just reach the main truck with some fancy footwork at the deck level. At this point the "voice" was drowned out with thoughts of an easy march to victory.

With Nelson and Gene steering this unwieldy contraption from the dock, I piloted it up the backstay and got ready to snag the wayward halyard shackle. Now I've done this a bunch of times before. There's just not a chance that I can aim a bending and gyrating pole into the arc of a headboard shackle from farther away than an NFL first down pass without some sort of in-situ guide. But, at least in the past, I have been able to sort of slide the claw side of the halyard getter up the backstay. And when in the neighborhood of the errant hardware, I sort of twist it off the wire and roll it over to set the hook. Like I said. In the past.

Seems that Gene had managed to get his shackle so well set into the sheave that we could barely make it out, even using Nelson's binoculars. Well, nothing like a challenge to bring out the bravado in some of us. So I got the brilliant scheme into my head that we could slide the claw most of the way up the backstay and then roll it over to the cordage topping lift for the final few feet up to the masthead. Yeah, just brilliant.

Since the topping lift appeared to be of the fixed to the boom and over the masthead and down to a cleat variety, I figured to set the claw and raise the hook with the topping lift. I had Gene get ready to lift the boom so we could complete the maneuver. Nelson was keep-

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

I Heard It Again

By Dan Rogers

ing the blunt end of the Lido mast cum super halyard getter from bashing Tony's boat. Tony keeps his boat just to starboard of Gene, and across from Nelson, and diagonal from Kate and me on *Fiddler's Green*. And this huge pole was alternately threatening just about all of us.

So I said something like, "OK, Gene, lift on the boom while I get ready to roll the halyard getter off the topping lift and into the headboard shackle. I'll just hold the pole with one hand and heave around on your topping lift with the other." Or something nautical sounding like that.

By now the claw had firmly set itself into the old topping lift. Unlike the stainless wire normally encountered on a mission such as this, the ancient cordage had simply crumbled and allowed itself to be more or less cut halfway through. As I did this foolish dance with a huge pole in one hand and attempted to heave around on what I thought was the topping lift, a strange thing happened. Well, actually, nothing happened.

What I thought was the topping lift turned out to be a spare jib halyard that had been sort of relegated to a tangle at the port shrouds. The topping lift was, in fact, attached directly at the masthead and not going anyplace. The halyard getter was firmly stuck and doing absolutely no good. And it was then that I realized my next in a series of errata.

While I could raise the mast and halyard getter combination just fine, I had neglected to do anything that would keep the sections from coming apart when we pulled down. Like a bolt, or screw, or even a wrap of electrical tape. And, of course, pulling down is one of the very few tricks a halyard getter is designed to perform. This was not so good. You see, if I persisted in trying to yank the damn thing loose from the topping lift, now jammed several stories off the water and completely out of reach, it would float majestically free from the Lido 14 mast section. What we would then have was a bit unseamanlike. Twenty-odd feet of veteran HF antenna hanging from Gene's topping lift with the main halyard safely unemployed just above it. It was time for somebody wearing a younger man's clothes.

Justin, a 20-something fellow working on his boat just across the fairway, innocently poked his head out of his companionway hatch. "Hey Justin, wanna' bail out a group of old codgers?"

While Gene's spare halyard was of the rope to wire variety and was headed the wrong direction to be of any use as a surrogate main halyard, I figured it would be sufficient to hoist Justin far enough to grab the halyard getter and bring it back to sea level. Then, on further inspection, that old halyard probably didn't have enough life in it to raise a small pair of running shoes to the spreaders. It was in pretty bad shape. The rope part at least. And this is where the voice was getting louder. Just not quite loud enough yet.

Here's the deal. Of course, I rigged the wire part of the otherwise decrepit spare halyard to lift a snatch block to the mast head

and then set a substantial mooring line up for the actual chair lift. Of course, the wire was cleated to the mast halyard cleat. Of course, I taped all the pins and lanyards to prevent premature release. Of course, I rigged a tending line and deployed Gene to back me up at the winch. Of course.

Only since I figured that Justin would be able to stand on the spreaders and wrest the wayward Rube Goldberg contraption from ignominy, I also figured we could dispense with a second (back-up) halyard for this evolution. Mostly I figured that because we really didn't have one available without dismantling the roller furling jib. And since I knew from personal experience how complicated this one is, I figured, well, "it'll be OK."

And, it was. Sort of. Justin rode the chair on up to the spreaders. With some pluck and a substantial dose of good luck he managed to get my venerable halyard getter back from the sea gull perch. At this point we were at least back to where we were "before we fixed it."

This morning, Gene showed up and announced that he was going to the masthead and I was going to haul him up there. Like I said, Gene's older than I am. I simply like walking and other things that my spinal column is more likely to continue doing if I stay away from bosun chairs and other mediaeval torture devices. I just don't go up masts any more. And the thought of Gene making his very first trip to the main truck just didn't set well with me. But there we were. A sailboat is decidedly compromised without use of her mainsail.

Gene threw in the kicker. "My wife wouldn't approve if she knew I was doing this." And my non-sequitur response, "I suspect SHE isn't about to do it for you..." galvanized our team into action.

It was essentially the same rig we had hauled Justin halfway up the stick the prior weekend. Same wire halyard. Same snatch block and mooring line. Same bosun's chair. And the same "voice."

I taped everything again. And while I told Gene that I really didn't want to do this, it seemed like we should be able to pull it off OK. Actually, I figured, neophyte that he was, Gene would chicken out long before he reached the spreaders. So off we went. And it went quite well.

I ended up hoisting Gene all the way to the truck. One hand on the winch handle, the other trailing off the single speed halyard winch. I got him up there about 6" to the thrust. He managed to reach up and pull the offending wire loose and actually lowered it all the way down. He came down the mast according to plan. I controlled his descent with three wraps and a practiced surging. He summed it up, "Hey that was kinda' fun."

It wasn't until I was taking the rigging apart and coiling things down that I finally saw what the "voice" had been telling me about all along. The self same rig that I had used to pull two friends way up over my head broke down into component parts for re-stowage easy enough. I unwrapped the series of snap shackles that connected the snatch block to spare halyard. As I pulled the tape off, there it was.

That damn snap on Gene's spare halyard shackle had fractured at the wrist pin and was really only held in place with the tape and a healthy dose of divine intervention. Who knows how long it had been cracked microscopically. Maybe decades. But just maybe another few minutes of Gene hanging from it at the masthead could have done it in completely.

The International Scene

Far East experts expected that one-third of all shipping lines will face bankruptcy in 2009.

One part of the shipping business is thriving, the lay-up of surplus ships and specialized firms are springing up. Some 1,000 ships are laid up now and estimates range as high as 10,000, with some 6,000 by 2013.

Shipping giant AP Moeller-Maersk ordered its many hundred of ships to use rolls of paper towels at dining tables in place of napkins. That single, simple economy should save \$70,000 a year. Maersk is also sailing 110 of its ships at speeds slower than recommended by the engine makers. Maersk believed it can use speeds as low as 12kts without major problems.

In New Zealand trucking won out over short-sea shipping when a new government scrapped plans of the previous government for funding coastal shipping.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Here are a few of the many incidents and accidents last month:

Ships sank: The crew of the converted fishing boat *Polar Mist* abandoned ship in a fierce storm near the mouth of the Straits of Magellan and were plucked from the sea by a helicopter. The vessel was carrying nine tons (about \$21 million) in unrefined gold and silver from a mine. Two days later the Chilean tugboat *Beagle* took the ship in tow but was soon ordered to head for an Argentinean port. Then the *Polar Mist* somehow sank. Were the precious metals still on board is a question the mine owners, their insurers, and others are asking.

A "coal-carrying" Vietnamese ship (otherwise not described) sank in a gale. Rescuers found three bodies and four were missing.

Off China the *Shan Dong* hit a sunken vessel and nearly sank.

Off the Kurile Islands the Cambodian-flagged *Kisuko* capsized and two of a crew of four died.

Off Senegal 13 crewmembers of the *Eiffel* were taken off by a Chinese fishing boat and the sinking vessel was later found afloat with its lights on.

When the smallish cargo ship *Asian Mars*, en route from Shanghai for Papua, New Guinea, sank it took with it 27 containers and considerable construction material.

Ships collided: The mighty nuclear-powered Russian icebreaker *Yamal* collided with the in-ballast shuttle tanker *Indiga* while in ice. The tanker suffered a crack in its main deck, the *Yamal* shrugged.

At Manila the *Wan Hai 233* ran into the side of the coastal tanker *Chelsea Enterprise*. The hull entry by the 233's bulbous bow flooded the smaller ship's engine room.

Off Sakaide, Japan, the plywood-carrying *Marine Star* and the smaller *Takasago* met and oil spilled from a very large hole in the *Marine Star*'s stern.

Near Jakarta the tug *Harapan Indah Seven* and the cement carrying cargo ship *Rimba Tiqa* collided and 13 of 24 people were not rescued.

The container ship *Sinotrans Shenzhen* and the chemical/oil tanker *Crane Poseidon* collided somewhere between Tokyo and Shanghai. No injuries.

Ships went aground: Officers on the German container feeder vessel *Karin Schepers* were drunk and asleep when the ship went aground at Øresund, Denmark, even though the pilot boat had circled the ship and a buzz job had been performed by a naval helicopter. The master and the mate on duty were arrested.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

The Mississippi River was closed to deep-draft traffic for a few hours after the tanker *Genmar Ajax* lost power and ran aground at Mile 3 Below Head of the Passes. (That's near the river's mouth.)

In Norway the chemical tanker *Maria Soltin* ran aground on what looked like a skerry (judging from a photo) near Maaloy.

The container ship *Marine Rickmers* ran aground in the Congo River and was refloated the next day, so apparently the Congo is shoaling.

In the UK the coaster *Sea Ruby* spent a few hours on the sandbar at Teignemouth waiting for the next high tide.

In the Kurile Islands the reefer *Sungach* went aground in bad weather and suffered severe damage that flooded the hold and engine room. The crew of 16 was removed by the salvage tug *Spravedlivyy* two days after the stranding.

The container ship *COSCO Hong Kong* fell several days behind schedule after it grounded in the South China Sea.

Fires and explosions hurt some ships: Near Skagen in Denmark the cargo ship *Medemborg* reported a small explosion in its cargo of coal that injured two. They were later flown to a hospital.

The car carrier *Hoegh Trinity* reported an onboard fire while at Luanda that had destroyed about 200 vehicles.

The Spanish fishing vessel *Monte Galineiro* was fully aflame when the Canadian Coast Guard arrived to rescue 22 fishermen from life rafts some 400km east of St John's, Newfoundland.

Stevedores cutting metal plates for securing cargo caused a hold fire on the *Thor Guardian* at Mina Saqr, Dubai.

The sand-carrying *Tone Maru* was on fire and adrift somewhere near 34N, 135 E (that's near Sumoto port) when the four-man crew was rescued by a fishing boat.

At Punta Delgada a bad fire in the hold of the reefer *Izar Argia* destroyed fishing materials in transit.

About 300 miles NNW of the Azores the bulkier *North King* had a fire but the crew extinguished it and the ship headed for Ponta Delgada for inspection and repairs and to land the body of the master, who had died during the voyage.

In the North Sea the anchor-handling tug/supply *Englishman* had an engine room fire and the tug *Bankert* took over the *Englishman*'s tow for Norway.

Other things happened: The heavily rolling *Pacific Adventurer* lost 31 containers off Australia and a falling container punctured the hull, causing a massive oil spill. Two minesweepers used precision sonar to find most of the sunken containers and another was accidentally located when a prawn trawler got it in its net. That nearly capsized the small FV.

Indian bridges took a licking. At the West Bengal port of Kolkata the *Jingal Tarani* hit the swing bridge, damaging itself and the bridge. And at the Indian port of Surat four ships being repaired broke free and damaged the Magdalla Bridge.

The Alaskan tanker *S/R Baytown* popped several cracks while loading crude oil at Valdez and sailed south for repairs without a load of oil.

A broken crankshaft immobilized the *Southern Pasifika* at Noumea. It was the second accident to the crankshaft this year but this time a new unit will have to be installed. The hard-luck ship also suffered severe damage last year from violent storms near New Zealand.

In the UK the sludge barge *Humber Star* sank, creating fear and excitement among many until they learned that the sludge had been treated and was non-polluting.

At Çuraçao the *Sloman Rover* collided with two tugs working the ship and a hawser from the *Indusbank* snapped, injuring one man and doing about \$15,000 of damage. The other tug, the *Jaro II*, was also damaged but to a lesser degree.

The icebreaker *USCGC Polar Sea* was lowering a small boat in Puget Sound when things went wrong. Two Coasties ended up in the water while another six scrambled back aboard the cutter.

Humans got hurt: At Wilmington, North Carolina, three longshoremen suffered simultaneously broken legs when a loader being lifted by a crane smashed against them inside a ship's hold.

Gray Fleets

In the Strait of Hormuz the barely submerged nuclear-powered attack submarine *USS Hartford* (SSN 768) collided with the amphibious-warfare ship *USS New Orleans* (LPD 18). The sub was rolled 85° and its sail was badly damaged (bent sideways, in fact) while the *New Orleans* suffered a very large gash. The sub's commanding officer was soon relieved of his command.

The Soviet Union's first nuclear-powered submarine, the long-retired, 50-year-old *Leninskiy Komsomol*, may be scrapped because a promised \$15 million for conversion into a museum display at St Petersburg never showed up. But Russia still has 60 active subs and is actively upgrading its fleet.

The UK gets its submarine-launched missiles from the US and the next generation of the Trident missile may not fit in allotted spaces in the Royal Navy's next generation of nuclear boomer subs.

British submarines suffered 237 fires (213 "small-scale" and 21 "medium-scale") plus three fires while docked at a Naval base) and 14 collisions in the last 21 years. (Judging by messages posted on US submarine chat groups, roughly proportional figures probably pertain to US Navy subs and to almost every other sub-operating nation).

And the Royal Navy's sparse vessel numbers were increased by the delivery of a 70' narrowboat (canal houseboat) for recreational use.

The US Navy cut back the number of days at sea for its ships by a third to reduce wear and tear and maintenance. And it may cut back its carrier fleet to just ten.

Japan's constitution allows only defensive warships no larger than destroyers so building a counter to China's burgeoning navy presents a problem. One solution is Japan's newest "destroyer." The newly commissioned 13,950-ton *Hyuga* looks like an aircraft carrier, has elaborate command-and-control facilities, can carry 11 helicopters, and can operate four almost simultaneously.

White Fleets

Ice conditions in the Arctic are now so relaxed that Hapag-Lloyd will send two of its ships through the Northwest Passage in different directions. The *Bremen* will leave from Greenland while the *Hanseatic* departs from Nome, Alaska. They may meet in Cambridge Bay on Victoria Island.

A passenger on the *Norwegian Star* in 2008 was punched, kicked, and hit with beer bottles by three men last year and he sued the cruise line to release details of the men's identities.

And a crewman was arrested for sexually assaulting a passenger on the *Coral Princess*.

At Port Chalmers in New Zealand the strain caused by high winds bent a bollard holding three lines to the *Millenium*. A quickly summoned tug plus the ship's engines and thrusters kept the cruise ship's stern next to the quay.

Passengers on the *Aurora* formed a protest committee because they were "imprisoned" on the ship when five stops in New Zealand and the Pacific islands were cancelled due to repair problems at Auckland. The ship made only two stops in one span of 22 days during the 93-day round-the-world voyage.

Cruise ship passengers from China are now visiting Taiwan, including 12,000 Amway (China) employees.

Carnival Corp doesn't like the \$50 head tax that Alaska charges and plans to eliminate some cruises there.

Those That Go Back and Forth

The Hawaiian Supreme Court ruled that Hawaii Superferry shouldn't have started operation without an environmental impact study even though the legislature had passed enabling legislation. The ferry *Alakai* stopped operating and it headed for Alabama and installation of a rear ramp and possible use elsewhere until the EIS is done.

Planning for a new ferry service into Ramsgate in the UK suddenly stopped when it was learned that the new super-fast ferry *Bonanza Express* couldn't fit into the harbor.

In Scotland the ferry *Graemsay* towed the dive boat *Welcome Home* to safety and home after it went aground.

At Hong Kong in thick fog the ferry *First Ferry XI* collided with the reefer *Xin Hui Ji 9*. Twelve (maybe 13) of 130 passengers were injured, none seriously, and two passengers fell overboard.

In this electronic era news sometimes still travels slowly, an authoritative news service recently was able to report that the ro-ro/passenger *Egea* capsized and sank last November in the Yeni Silo region of Turkey.

In the Philippines the ferry *South Pacific* ran aground off Cebu Province and at least 133 passengers were rescued.

The sinking of the long-idle ferry *Super Mexico* at Long Beach closed Channel C in that California port.

As the passenger/ro-ro *Hrossey* neared Shetland in stormy conditions, a triple-axle trailer loaded with sand broke its chains and toppled onto five cars. Three of the cars suffered grievously.

Sydney Harbour has had more than its share of ferry accidents in recent years and the latest was when the 811-passenger *Lady Northcott* ran nose-up on the shore while docking at the Taronga Zoo wharf. The captain later confessed he had misjudged speed and other conditions.

Legal Matters

Sailing along the Great Barrier Reef without a pilot cost the master of the *Charlotte Bulker* the tolerable fine of A\$6,500 (US\$4,430).

A French court was harder on the master of the Russian cargo ship *Skulptor Anikushin* for spilling oil in the English Channel. His fine was £350,000 or about \$477,000.

Egypt sentenced the owner of the ferry *Al-Salam 98* for his role in the sinking that

killed more than 1,000 in 2006. Another two defendants received three-year sentences while two others were acquitted.

Illegal Imports

Impoverished peoples still try to migrate illegally to nations that offer better prospects but attempts often end tragically. For example, an overcrowded boat capsized off Libya and at least 200 died although the true number of deaths will never be known. And scores of Somali migrants died when their boat capsized while trying to reach Yemen.

Nature

The Asian carp is an invasive species that can grow quite large, is incredibly voracious and nasty (it has a habit of jumping when near a boat and has knocked out people or smashed their glasses), and is established on several inland rivers. The Corps of Engineers was tasked with keeping the carp out of the Great Lakes and has been testing an electrical barrier in the Chicago Ship and Sanitary Canal. Now a permanent, stronger barrier will go into operation but at only quarter strength at first. Even so, foot-long sparks can be pulled from metal objects in the canal and that includes tank barges. The COE will provide escort vessels to isolate each barge from other shipping while passing the barrier. And swimming near the fence is also a no-no.

The enviros won and consumers may have lost when an oil company agreed to shut down four oil platforms in the next 13 years in trade for permission to drill the first offshore well in California since 1969.

In Alaska, Mount Redoubt (about 100 miles from Anchorage) erupted, spewing out ash plus streams of lahar (liquid mud) that impinged on a Chevron tank farm at Drift River. The Coast Guard felt two high protective berms might not hold back the mud flows so ordered the tanks emptied of 6,000,000 gallons of gasoline and partially filled with water to keep them from floating away if and when. (That means the water became polluted and will require special treatment before the tanks can store petroleum products again.)

NASA released satellite photos that showed numerous cloud tracks over the Pacific, each created around particles in the exhaust from a single ship.

The Sea Shepherd's environmental pirate ship *Farley Mowat* will be auctioned off by the Canadian government as a result of its arrest last April for interfering with the annual seal hunt. The Society refuses to recognize the validity of the sale and said it would repossess the ship at first opportunity.

Disentangles have found it possible to sedate a right whale entangled in fishing gear so that it can be removed without creating extreme stress for the large mammal.

Metal-Bashing

A Russian shipyard specializing in scrapping old Soviet submarines was charged with selling the scrap metal but not putting the money received into a fund to support scrapping more subs. (Much of this nuclear sub scrapping is financed by other nations. For example, Norway contributed EUR 5.2million in 2002-2004 for the scrapping of a Victor II-class sub.)

The State of Washington is having a hard time getting rid of its elderly (1927-vintage) Steel Electric-class ferries. Once sold to a Mexican scrapper in a deal that failed to eventuate due to drops in steel prices, the state is looking at other proposals, including

one for their use as waterfront offices.

A South Korean shipyard delivered what is currently the world's largest container ship. The 14,000-teu *MSC Denit* has its bridge amidships and engines aft and surpasses the Emma Maersk and its six sisters, which can carry about 12,500 teu each.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Piracy radiated several hundred miles from outer Somalian waters when the dive yacht *Indian Ocean Explorer* was hijacked by pirates in the Seychelles Islands. The converted oceanographic research vessel had just dropped off its passengers.

Off Somalia pirates attacked what they thought was just another commercial ship but the *FGS Spessart* was actually a German Navy supply ship and fought back. It chased the pirates and soon had help from helicopters from nearby Dutch and Spanish warships. Seven pirates were taken into custody.

Ransoms paid to free ships taken by Somalian pirates probably aggregated over \$80 million since mid-2008 but there were signs that increased naval patrolling (of over one million square miles of sea!) may be offsetting increasing pirate activity due to the entry into an annual calm-weather period in which small boats can operate safely offshore.

Pirate activity, often unreported, continued in Nigerian waters. Four foreigners were kidnapped off the American-owned supply boat *Sil Tide*, adding to the list of some 200 foreigners seized in the past three years.

Odd Bits

The ex-Royal Navy frigate *HMS Scylla*, sunk in 2004 as the UK's first artificial reef, has generated £25 million for the economies of Devon and Cornwall.

Fenders can be large, ugly, and unseamanlike so many large yachts are now using fenders that can be quickly inflated and as quickly deflated and stowed.

The tanker *Hellespont Trooper* diverted some 800 miles to take an Italian father-and-son team off the dismantled 34' yacht *Onitron* some 2,000 miles east of New Zealand.

In Australia ExxonMobile resumed supplying ethane after repairing a pipeline damaged by a ship's anchor last December.

In the UK at Portchester a hydraulic crane collapsed and fell through a wooden jetty into a sailing club center. The jetty, center, and a £20,000 sailboat the crane was lifting were largely demolished.

A deckhand on the Ohio River towboat *Oliver C. Shearer* fell overboard from a barge. After sheriff's deputies stopped a routine search for the body the company paid them to continue looking and also brought in divers. The company president explained it was done so "our co-worker's body can be found and his family knows for sure what happened."

Head-Shakers

A New Zealand shipping company bought a Japanese coaster for use in New Zealand waters and wanted to keep manning at a minimum. Problem was the ship was 47.5-metres long and a length breakpoint was 45 metres. The solution, amazingly approved by New Zealand authorities, was to build another "bow" (a watertight bulkhead) inside and aft of the true bow and drill large holes in the bow plating. Not everyone agrees with the authorities that the "colander" ship still meets international safety standards.

In the March issue (Projects... p 6) Jim Thayer mentioned the A Duckah! he left with Roger Allen in Florida. The boat is still alive and well! In late February Dave Lucas announced a party at his Boat Works in Bradenton, Florida. Since I had business in Miami that week, I decided I just HAD TO see that place and planned a weekend drive over. When Roger heard I'd be down there he asked if I wanted to sail the A Duckah!. The answer was obvious...

So Roger hauled the boat to Dave's place and we put it all together again. Unfortunately there was barely a breath of wind on the water that day but Roger shoved me off anyhow, with both sail and oars rigged. Once

Goings on at Lucas Boat Works

By John R. Weiss

we figured out that the centerboard needed a downhaul, I immediately discovered that the boat needed only the merest breath of wind to sail! It was a true delight to easily sail and maneuver when the other sailboats in the bay were pretty much sitting still. I didn't get a chance to test a real wind, but I am sure the boat would be a screamer! Roger still thinks

he wants to fit a mizzen on her and try out the cat-ketch rig...

As for the Lucas Boat Works, all I can say is "WOW!" Dave has put together a true labor of love there, enabling both seasoned veterans and the newest of novices to work on their individual boat projects in an amazing atmosphere of small boat camaraderie. The pix in the last two issues of the TSCA *Ash Breeze* don't even begin to do justice to the array of open air workshops and boat sheds where the most eclectic group of small craft are being built and modified. A hearty "BRAVO!" to Dave and his group for turning on so many people to the joys of wooden boats.



Kayak Kathy.



Sign.



Roger and Laylah the Tool Girl.



Peanut gallery.



John, Roger and me with the A Duckah!

Sweet Pea.



No wind.



About the A Duckah

By Bob Hicks

Back in 1990 Jim Thayer (then operating as Thayer & Co Boat-builders, in Mechanicsville, Virginia, still operating today as Grand Mesa Boatworks, 15654 57½ Rd, Collbran, CO 81624-9778) felt it incumbent upon himself to take his newly-designed A Duckah on a trip to Mexico's Baja California 3,000 miles away to do sea trials on the Sea of Cortez. Jim never wanted for commercial justification for his adventuring afloat. He chronicled the entire adventure in a six-page feature story in our May 15, 1990 issue. (Any reader interested enough to want to read this send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I'll send you a photocopy of the article, it's some story.)

In his story Jim explained the origin of his concept for the boat and its name as follows:

"Duckah?? Yes, friends, a new boat has been created and will, I modestly believe, rocket with meteoric speed to the zenith of the small boat firmament. Like yes, wow! Stand in awe!

Whence cometh this thing called Duckah? What the Duckah is, is a Delaware Duck given a judicious shot of hormone L, no less a guru than Bolger says, "On any given mid-section the longer a boat is the better it will sail." Reason enough. Besides, I am congenitally prone to stretching everything in sight, including, someone is saying, the truth.

The Delaware Ducker is a fabulous boat but a little tippy for relaxed cruising and short on capacity for extended expedition work. The time-honored way to increase capacity is to whack a boat in half

and graft a chunk into the middle. With a sloop rig there might be some balance problems, so I just do the hull and the rest is from scratch.

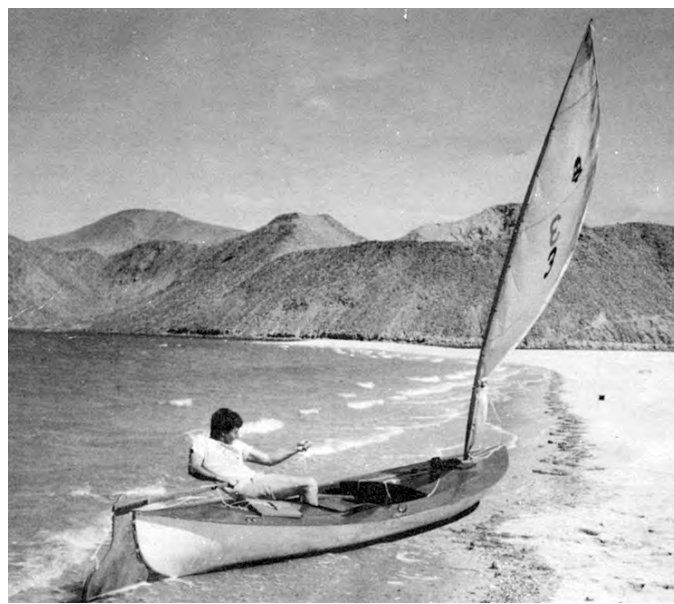
As added advantages one gains stability and increased hull speed. The power requirement is nearly the same. There is, of course, increased skin friction but unless heavily loaded she will float higher partly negating the increased length.

For now we'll just pop a standard Ducker rig into her and see how we get along. Other modifications include moving the mast aft, replacing the daggerboard with a pivoting centerboard and putting a folding blade on the rudder.

In support of the extended cruising/expedition idea she was given extensive decking with large watertight compartments as well as sealed flotation chambers in the ends. Side decks are 8" wide supported by longitudinal bulkheads which enclose more flotation and small impedimenta pockets. The cockpit is open for 5' with an additional 3' under the foredeck to allow for sleeping and storing the oars inside.

And the name? Well, she had to be some kind of duck, but without a lot of thought, nothing caught my fancy. To differentiate her around the shop I started calling her the Duckah, as in Ducker with vigah. Just spell it like it sounds. I think I will just give her the Ducker logo with fangs."

Jim had some great photos of those sea trails on Baja's Gonzaga Bay, which I am bringing to you here.



As I was wrapping up my first project, the Weston Farmer design "Poor Richard" (see December 2008 issue), a photocopied *MoToR BoatinG* article by William Atkin of his "Alone" design found its way to me (see October 2008 issue). Fueled by wanderlust and a doable someday boat design to explore the nooks and crannies of the Sacramento River delta and San Pablo and Suisen Bays, I felt inspired to make a 1/10-scale model which I've named *Delta Zephyr*.

Knowing that the lapstrake planking and sailmaking would be the challenges, but having Greg Rossel's *Building Small Boats* and Emiliano Marino's *The Sailmaker's Apprentice* in hand, I set to this labor of love.

As always, my materials resources are few. Over and over I was surprised at how previously unnoticed everyday items became so useful. My tool chest held an improvised single edge razor blade, formica as straight edge, sandpaper, ruler, paper clips, straight pins, and those aluminum strips that form the nose bridges of dust masks, lead screw anchors, and silver solder.

Other materials included cherry and northern white pine veneers, 3mm birch ply and poplar and alder woods. Maple wood was used for sheaves, gray nylon sewing thread for the sheet bridle, and six strand cotton string was unlaid and three of the

Making Delta Zephyr

By Gary Snodgrass

strands laid into scale 1/4" rope, oak stain dyed to resemble manila.

Since *Delta Zephyr* is 1/10 scale it fit into my foot locker on its construction board along with all materials and was also large enough to use authentic type of construction as much as possible.

Although the hull construction is not complicated it was impossible for me to spile the strakes at this scale, hence planking the sides was a bear. In the end it turned out well, though. The centerboard and its case are ply and the board is weighted so it drops well and stays there.

The rudder construction went well. Straps are aluminum and pins are paper clip wire.

Eyebolts are paper clip wire, also, formed and soldered closed. An aluminum thimble seized in an eye runs on the bridle. Oarlocks are box staple and paper clip wire, formed and soldered.

Oars and spars are of alder, which I found was a good substitute for spruce. Mast cheek blocks are through bolted with straight pins.

The sailmaking was a project in itself. Features include corner and cringle and nettle reinforcing patches as well as manila boltrope as Atkin specified. The tanbark sail is mahogany-stained bedsheet.

I needed to determine the skiff's color scheme to fit my resources, therefore I used maroon for the bottom planking, beige for the side planking and side decks, light gray for the interior with "ash" painted thwart and tiller. Rubrail, coaming, and rudder cheeks are all cherry, finished bright as is the centerboard case cap.

The display stand is also beige and maroon and holds a copy of the "Alone" article hidden from frontside view. If I only had a mantle...

Making these models is great fun and a learning experience. I want to thank the Editor for referring me to reader Irwin Schuster who did a fine job photographing the model for me. I also would like to thank those here in East Dorm who assisted me however they could. Such subverters must, of course, remain unnamed. They each know who they are and get a sly wink for helping fuel my dream.

I would be pleased to hear from any readers interested in my modeling efforts with such limited resources. Snail mail is the only way I can communicate, write to me at:

Gary Snodgrass, C-50459, Box 689, ED 82L, Soledad, CA, 93960-0689.



The Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez, Florida, successfully launched the *Esperanza*, the restored Cuban refugee boat, at the Third Annual Great Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival at Cortez, April 19-20. Traditional wooden boat builders came from as far away as California and Connecticut, many bringing boats with them to sail and compete for prizes. *Esperanza* took her second maiden voyage and also won the Lee Hickok Award for traditional design and traditional construction.

With that accomplished, Bob Pitt, the Museum's boat builder, did not have to look very far for another project. Just outside the Museum's door, not too far from Museum Director Roger Allen's office, stood the *Campe-sina*, another Cuban refugee boat. She had arrived at the Boat Shop in Cortez after many years of wear and tear and was spruced up a bit with a bright coat of white paint and some red trim. She looked so good and had such nice lines that it was decided that she could be moved to the front of the Maritime Museum where she could be seen from Cortez Road to help identify the Museum's purpose.

Her trip to Cortez took several tacks. The 21' smack had originally been built by Cubans for fishing. Early in her life she probably had a sail. Later she acquired power and the mast and sail were removed. In the 1990s she wandered from Cuban waters and ended up at the Bahamian Outer Island, Cay Sal. Cay Sal (Salt Key), about 30 miles north of Cuba and one of the most remote areas of the Bahamas, has an obvious appeal for anyone with a boat desiring to leave Cuba.

In 1994 two local vacationers, Win Yerkes and Margot Walbert, sailed among the Bahama islands. While at Cay Sal they spotted the *Campe-sina* rocking in the waves near the shore. It had been abandoned there by several Cubans who had sailed to the island as a way to reach freedom and make passage to the US and elsewhere from there. The Cay was littered with detritus from Cuba and graffiti marked the walls of camps the refugees had used.

Elsewhere on the shore Win and Margot found a kind of raft-like boat made out of what looked like metal light poles for floats with wood attached in the shape of a bow and with a small diesel engine on it for power. With some help from a few of the refugees on the island they liberated the engine and put it in *Campe-sina* since it looked better than the one that had been there.

When they left the Bahamas they towed *Campe-sina* with them. On the way back to Florida they spotted a Cuban refugee boat that was sinking. They pulled *Campe-sina* alongside and so she did her work once again. The Cubans were left in the Florida Keys and they sailed back to Cortez. Win eventually sold her to the treasure-filled chandlery, Sea Hagg.

Campe-sina rested in front of the Sea Hagg, the Cortez nautical related antique and collectible store, for a few years, apparently for sale like all the other items. Calvin Bell thought that the Museum would like to have her, bought her, and donated her to the Museum.

By this time the boat had severe structural problems and it was decided that instead of rebuilding the boat Museum volunteers would just take the lines off her and eventually build another like her. But the discussion did not end there. Both Roger and Bob felt that since the boat was the same kind of boat that had worked the waters in the Cortez area and the West Coast of Florida as early as

Second Cuban Refugee Boat to be Restored

by the Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez

By Doug Calhoun

the 1700s, it should be saved. Boats just like *Campe-sina* came here from Cuba and the Bahamas to fish the Gulf waters. Very few early fishing smacks with their live wells intact survive to make that history real.

So the discussion ended. She had been sold around, sailed around, and stood around long enough. Bob and Roger decided that she should be rebuilt and the motor and sail both used to power the boat. This project calls for an extensive restoration of the boat. Termites and weather have necessitated the replacement of most of the fore and aft carvel planked bottom, the chine logs, and even the keel. The project will challenge the most experienced volunteers.

When she arrived in Cortez the boat's engine was the two-cylinder, air-cooled, possibly Russian or eastern European Diesel engine that had brought Cubans to Cay Sal. This is the kind of motor that may have been taken from a cement mixer and fitted out to boat use. She has an unusual water-cooled exhaust adaptation. Right behind the propeller there is a cup on a shaft which also holds the rudder. The propeller forces water into the cup and is then split and forced into two smaller lines running up into both exhausts, cooling them with the added benefit of causing a quieter running engine. The boat must be moving for the water to cool the exhaust. Since it no longer runs, however, this engine will be replaced by a 20hp power Yanmar Diesel donated by D. Turner Matthews.

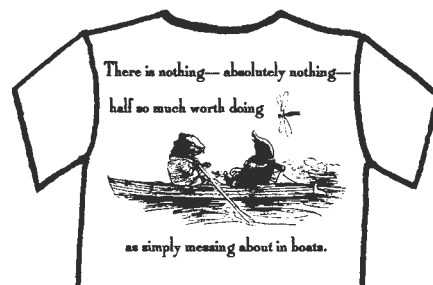
Margot Walbert has brought several photographs of *Campe-sina* on Cay Sal so the volunteers could see how she looked there. She has also brought the original nameplate to the Museum.

After the restoration Bob Pitt plans to rig the boat with a leg o' mutton sail. He believes this was close to the original rigging for the boat. The new Diesel will be used for auxiliary power.

This project may be done at the new boat shop east of the Museum on the Florida Institute for Saltwater Heritage (FISH) property. The volunteers are eager to get the boat shop finished and get underway.

Who knows, *Campe-sina* may even have been in these waters before.

(About the author: Doug Calhoun is a volunteer at the Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez, Florida.)



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Little Johnny was three in 1948 when his parents began taking him out boating on the Severn River near Annapolis, Maryland. In those days boats were few and his folks claimed to know everyone who had one. Johnny's earliest memories include a fabulous Gar Wood twin engine utility that belonged to a Mr Kipp. Today that boat adorns the cover of Tony Mollica's book on Gar Wood Boats. There were several cute little Cruise Along weekenders made in Solomons, Maryland, a very fast and noisy Hickman Sea Sled, and best of all, the beautiful Whirlwinds. They had green bottoms, a few were red, with mahogany topsides and later painted white. One could never miss the way they could turn, sucked down, holding on, passengers screaming and laughing with joy. What could ever be more pleasure? The Whirlwinds seemed to have it all, beauty, speed, ease of maintenance, goes right up to shore, piddle around in shallows, easy to trailer and put away. No wonder their owners seemed to have the most fun.

All of his life Johnny had Whirlwinds around. They were built near where he grew up and his father knew all about them because they all had worked together at home to win the war. Mr Johnson worked at Edgewood Arsenal and the Whirlwind owners had worked at Allied Aviation.

In the '60s and '70s boats became more numerous but the Whirlwinds still stood out to Johnny, who now began to use his given name, Howard. By the '80s it was still clear to him that the Whirlwinds were the best boats even though everyone else had forgotten them. He never wanted any ugly fiberglass boats and hated that itchy feeling

The World of Whirlwinds

By Howard Johnson

left from working on them. He always had a beautiful varnished boat when everyone else had vinyl and plastic. They had walk-through windshields and he had no windshield, never needed one. Their boats were so maintenance free they just left them outside where the sun rotted the seats and the rain rotted the floorboards and transoms. He carefully washed his, dried it, and put it away under a canvas, not Sunbrella, cover, year after year in the old-fashioned way. His friends would say, "You know, you are in a rut with these old boats." He would say, "We had a great time today, didn't we?" and they would say, "Yes, we did!" Howard had gradually come to understand that the beauty of wood adds a measure of pleasure.

All the fiberglass and plastic owners had been missing out. Years later Howard found out about the Antique and Classic Boat Society, formed in 1975, to promote the pleasure of old-time boating which they saw then was being lost. Wood and water go together to make boating more fun. They are two kinds of essential beauty to which paint and plastic can't measure up.

Whirlwind boats stand out among other wooden boats because they have features that others do not, owner kindly features. They are lightweight, 240lbs for a freshly refinished '57 14' boat. What other boat can say

that? Light boats use light trailers. Whirlwind owners can move their boats around easily by themselves. Whirlwind boats turn on a dime. My friend took me out in his boat with a 40hp engine and ran it full power in tight turns until we were dizzy and there was never any danger or loss of control. What other wood boats can do that? Sure, Whirlwinds aren't for rough water, but I don't really like rough water anyway! Whirlwinds are day boats for small bodies of water and secluded places. They provide comfort and pleasure for most of a day and then it's time to go in. Most of the time they can be washed and wiped down before bed so they are stored dry and ready to go next time. If neglect and promises are your thing, don't get a Whirlwind!

Nearly 15,000 Whirlwinds were produced. Because the veneers were resorcinol coated, the boats were durable and surprisingly rot resistant. Many thousands of Whirlwinds were kept stored dry the way they belonged because their owners realized their value. This means that there are enough of them left, four to six decades later, that we can still have one to use and enjoy.

In addition to collecting historical material, Howard Johnson has restored 25+ Whirlwind boats and usually has several on hand to see or buy. Howard advises customers about the steps in their restoration and about the products required. Howard has pioneered, through experimentation, many ways of improving the beauty and strength of these wonderful boats. You are welcome to visit his website at www.Oldtimeworld.com or call him at (301) 627-2114 about your boat and your particular interest.





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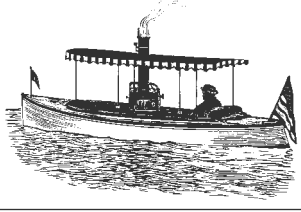
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L.S. Baldwin Box 884 Killingworth, CT 06419

It is November of 1945 and the war is over. The US Navy decides it no longer wants the molded plywood gliders being made on the assembly line at Allied Aviation in Dundalk, Maryland. The management and workers stand, looking at the five finished and tested gliders they had built and the 15 others in various stages of construction. No further money will be available for operations now, not even severance pay or rent on the big building. They decide to put the gliders aside and to build boats using the veneer, glue, and baking oven from the molding operation of the wooden gliders. First, however, they would have to move everything at their own expense to a cheaper workplace, so they rented a commercial building in Cockeysville, Maryland, near the Williamson Veneer Company.

Once settled and as soon as they could, they built a solid wood hull shape called a mandrel on wheels and fashioned a slot for the center keel and stem. The veneers were made of thin layers of mahogany which had been coated with heat-actuated glue, and the edges of each layer of veneer were stapled to these. The layers were put on at sharp angles to each other so that the grain could provide maximum strength in both directions. Outside layers were coated with glue on one side, all the others on both sides. They were carefully trimmed and fitted together by the wives and mothers of other employees. After five layers, it was covered with a heavy rubber blanket with hoses running to a big vacuum pump. The whole affair was then rolled into the autoclave, a huge oven, and baked at high pressure and steam for an hour until reaching 345°. Really baked! Once out of the oven, cooled, and uncovered the fresh hull was pried off the mandrel, sanded, and assembled into a complete boat with transom, rubrails, seats, etc. The boats were then finished with varnish and only the bottoms painted a bright color.

After the first few boats were built in 1946, the owner of Allied decided that he wanted to stay in aviation and offered the operation to three of his employees: Ed Hewitt, Charley Abramo, and Charley Wingo. All three were good friends who had worked closely together on gliders and appreciated and enjoyed boats. It was clear that they would be fully devoted to making a success of the new operation. While building the gliders during the war, they had grown to know the Williamson Veneer family. Their cooperation and fine quality sawn veneers created an extremely uniform and beautiful product. Although most of the veneer they made was for furniture production, they took a special interest in the quality of the molding veneers for the new Molded Products Inc of Cockeysville, Maryland. When the Williamsons found out that yet another place to build the

Stapling mahogany veneers.



Wild About Whirlwinds

By Howard Johnson

boats would have to be found, they even offered an unused dairy barn on a farm they owned. Many months of sweat were shed turning that barn into a small boat factory. Consistent with postwar practice, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins were employed from the local area.

When Ed and the two Charleys discovered that the Red Cross needed lifesaving canoes, they decided to go into the canoe building business, too. These were dazzling to see, beautiful wood and light as a feather yet rigid and extremely durable. Then they offered the Air Force a boat to test. They dropped the test boat out of an airplane onto land. When it bounced and was unharmed they won the contract! This led to the building of a 35 sailboat fleet for the Naval Academy. Early pictures of the operation show these boats on the factory floor.

The three founders each provided guidance for the different aspects of boat construction. Ed Hewitt was a CPA, office manager, and created the advertisements. Charley Wingo did a lot of the design and drawing work, set up the shop, and made constant production improvements. Charley was a perfectionist, they said. Charley Abramo was a personable, naturally high energy guy who enjoyed smoking as well as racing activities. Everybody smoked cigarettes back then, it gave them an excited, bulletproof, hard-driving appearance. Charley and his brother Lou took the boats and motors and raced and set records. They made and offered for sale cut down models of the winning racers. All three often worked weekends.

Following aircraft construction methods, all hulls were minimum thickness and all structural members glued to provide stiffness and rigidity without extra weight. Charley Wingo and Charles Abramo slaved over the drawing boards together to come up with each new design. They experimented with many shapes, sizes, and interior layouts to



Racing Whirlwinds and setting records.

1959 Whirlwind brochure photo.



achieve eye-pleasing styles and to be able to offer something for everyone. Boats were leak- and rattle-free while being light, colorful, and well-finished. In the beginning attractive aluminum fittings were bought from the Baltimore foundry of H.H. Whiting Co, later on it was brass and then chrome-plated brass. Charley Abramo was responsible for picking the finest cuts of mahogany planks at the lumberyard in Philadelphia. He was a stickler for high quality and the company put their best quality boards aside for him.

The sleek designs and high quality materials made them the lightest, fastest, safest, and most beautiful wooden boats ever made. The fully rounded chine assured that full speed turns could always be made without sliding or losing control. The wonderful qualities of the 15,000 boats they produced in the 15 years they built them will remain a lasting tribute to these men and Maryland boat building.

(This Whirlwind series by Howard Johnson originally appeared in the Fall 2008 and Winter 2009 issues of *Bone Yard Boats*, www.boneyardboats.com).

(Howard Percival Johnson, Jr grew up on a 1929 ACF 32' Sportcruiser, weekends on the Severn river in the '40s and '50s. This led to a lifetime of working on interesting boats and an autoholic love of cars. Howard keeps this past alive on a seven-acre farm with 50 boats, 30 cars, long term Antique and Classic Boat Society membership, and his new bride, Cheryl Ann, who loves all these things and came with her own tools. Please visit us at www.Oldtimeworld.com or call 301-627-2114.)

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Who Designed Toothpick?

By Greg Grundtisch

I was looking through the classified section of *Messing About in Boats* one fall day and noticed this unusual boat for sale. It was called a sailing dory skiff or some such thing. I can't recall exactly what. It came with three sets of oars, three sails, removable seats, accessories, and a homebuilt trailer. The price seemed very reasonable. After contacting the owner and discussing logistics, we drove to Port Huron, Michigan, and bought the boat. It was in good usable condition and could be easily restored to new. It was going to be used for rowing at various boat shows and gatherings.

Well, that was in the early fall of 1998. Various boats and boat building projects caused me to delay the work in favor of more pressing or interesting projects. There was a Friendship sloop, a catboat kit, a Fred Shell Swiftly kit, and a couple of prams...

Then Bob Hicks offered me a skipjack backbone that was to become *Dreamcatcher*. That would take several more years to complete than first estimated. But *Dreamcatcher* is now out of the shop, *Toothpick* is now in her place, and her restoration has begun. But her design is a question. I can't seem to find any other design that is like her. The man I bought her from was in western Michigan. He did not know who the builder was or what design she was built from. She is home built but I cannot find any design that fits her size or build.

She has a flat bottom with a very small V at the stern. The bottom is five cedar planks about 10"x1/2". The framing is steam bent dory style. The sides are cedar lapstrake and the deck is about 3/8"x1" cedar strips. She is about 17' long and 52" wide. The transom is narrow and angled to about 45 degrees. There is a small cutout for a motor to hang off the transom with a removable wedge to keep it at a more vertical position. There are three rowing stations very close together. There is a hole in the foredeck and mast step for



the three unusual sails that are three different sizes, presumably for various wind conditions. There is no centerboard or leeboards. There is a 6"x5" skeg that is seemingly not deep enough to stop any lateral drift. She also has a deep narrow rudder. The fastenings are mostly ringshank nails.

I have looked through many boat building books, magazines, design books, and web searches but I cannot find any boat that has this shape or building method. I found some designs of that approximate length, width, and shape but nothing with that transom angle or framing. Also, nothing that has that flat bottom with the lapstrake sides and a strip built deck. It may be a homebuilder's own unique design and method. It's difficult to determine

the age of the boat. She has a '50-'60s look but there is no way to be sure.

Which brings me to the point of all this. I was wondering if any readers may know of this boat, the builder, or of the design? She was built presumably in Michigan but I'm not absolutely sure.

So far I have removed the deck to gain access to the frames. Some are loose and some are cracked or broken at the chine forward under the deck. I would like to find the original plans or design to keep her as close to original as possible. If anyone has any information or ideas I would greatly appreciate it. You can contact me at grundy@fantasiadesign.com or at 256 Iroquois Ave, Lancaster, NY 14086.

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Extreme Sailing

Editor Comments: An article about a French world sailing speed record trifoil in *Soundings* prompted me to arrange for a look on the internet for more details about this “extreme” sailing effort as we had just run a short item about a similar effort in the February issue, “*Vestas Sailrocket a Record Breaker.*” These boats are “extreme” technological marvels worthy of some attention by anyone who sails so I’ve cobbled together a bit from what came to hand for your edification. The website address was mislaid here somewhere so I cannot recommend where you should go to view all this in detail. Perhaps someone reading this does know it?

l'Hydroptère High-Speed Training Sessions

l'Hydroptère was put back in the water on Monday, 29 September, after a complete checkup at La Clotat. The boat was taken directly to her speed base at Port-Saint-Louis-du-Rhone to resume her training sessions.

After the summer sailing sessions *l'Hydroptère* was placed in drydock. Every centimetre of the boat was carefully verified. The central hull and the floaters were streamlined, the foils optimized, and the sails were reinforced by Incidence in Brest. Studies conducted by the scientific teams and the conclusions reached by the crew after sailing sessions were a leading factor in these works. Alain Thebault:

“*l'Hydroptère* is a scientific project, a research project, but the impressions of the sailors are a very important element. It is only at sea that we can understand how the boat behaves and the crew’s input completes the studies. You cannot have one without the other.”

After launching, the mast was tilted to increase the strength of the sails and the rigging’s potential. The runs on the speed base at Port-Saint-Louis-du-Rhone are made on a beam reach so the crew specifically configured the rigging for runs on starboard tack.

The WSSRC officially re-opened the spot on 30 September. Since then *l'Hydroptère* has resumed her training for the absolute sailing speed record, recently established at 49.84kts by the American kite-surfer Rob Douglas. This performance has only served to strengthen the motivation of Alain Thebault and his crew, who hope to take on the challenge of 50kts very soon and who are eagerly watching the weather conditions.

This week the wind conditions were pretty favourable, but the swell formed by the west winds made it impossible to go to the speed base at Port-Saint-Louis-du-Rhone. Therefore, *l'Hydroptère* trained in the bay of Fos sur Mer. During these training sessions Alain Thebault and his crew brought the boat’s record speed from 47.6kts to 52.86kts. This recording is from the official Trimble measurement system, required by the WSSRC.



And Disaster...

l'Hydroptère Capsizes @ 61kts!

l'Hydroptère, the record breaking French trimaran, capsized on the morning of 21 December after reaching the spectacular speed of 61kts under winds of between 35-38kts and gusts reaching to 40kts. The seas being considerably choppier than the previous days, the same gusts that propelled the French yacht to record breaking speeds caused her to also capsize.

Fortunately there were no serious injuries and the crew suffered a few scratches. The yacht was towed to Fos sur Mer once conditions allowed it.



They say there's nothing new under the sun. Even apparently "new" ideas, after all, are built wholly or in part from the elements of other ideas which came before. That having been said, here's an idea for a completely unique and never-before-seen sailing rig and a boat to go with it. I've never heard of one like it before so I felt obligated to give it a name, at least until someone writes in and says, "Aw heck, Jim, that's the so-and-so rig developed by whoever built back in whenever it was, but you don't see 'em around much anymore." A rare responsibility.

Before presenting it though, let me say a few bold (pardon the pun) words about the boat. *Stubby* (so no one else can call her that first) at 42' by 21', is the smallest, cheapest, fast-to-build, good-looking catamaran with full headroom I've been able to come up with so far. Drawing her out say to 48' with the same freeboard results in somewhat sleeker lines and opportunities for even greater headroom, but would cost more to build.

Stubby is just cute enough to own. Her looks suit her intended purpose and announce it at once. This is not a racing catamaran, folks. This is a sea-shantyboat meant for cruising anywhere in the middle latitudes at 8-10kts and for exploring beautiful beaches as remote as 2½' of draft will allow.

She has been mined from simple ore, the dory being maybe the easiest sea-kindly boat to build, flat planes, natural bends, no compound curves, and *Stubby* carries that simplicity on to the decks and cabin for a surprisingly low-drag shape that reminds me of crabs and stealth aircraft. Yet her huge interior has over 200sf of floor area beneath 6'6" of headroom, and that much again in elbow room and "closet space" below decks!

The pull toward house building nomenclature is strong here. "Floor area," for

Stubby and Her Pendulum Rig

By Jim Sumerlin

instance, comes quicker to mind than "sole area." It's not hard at all to talk about studs and rafters, rather than ribs and deck beams, when the construction details and building methods lean much more toward house framing than steam bending or cold molding.

Capable. Happy. Frugal. Easy. As a design, *Stubby* aims for accessibility and demystification. Anyone who can make a proper doghouse should be able to build their own seaworthy home, quick and cheap. Light and bright with acres of deck space. Airy spaciousness with flexible accommodations. That's what I have in mind here.

In 2007 I built a concept model at ¾" scale to explore interior volume possibilities, and then nothing more until this year when I decided it was time to test the hull in the water. A sailing model (no cockpit) was completed in February.

The Pendulum Rig

The bi-pole (or A-frame) cutter, because of its jackstay (rather than sail track) solution for the mainsail's leading edge, seemed the easiest way of modeling a rig for sailing trials.

Putting that together led me through several layers of innovations aimed at playing with the ability to shift the entire sailplan forward or backward to balance the center of effort against the center of lateral plane. The possible advantages worth testing were: 1) self-steering under all points of sail, and

2) eliminating the need to pole-out the jib, even when running wing-and-wing.

The main innovative feature is what can be called a yard, nearly as long as the boat, hung horizontally fore and aft from the apex of the A-frame. The jackstay lifts the center of this yard. The forestay lifts the front end and the main-topping-lift carries the back. Jackstay and forestay tension are adjustable, like the topping-lift.

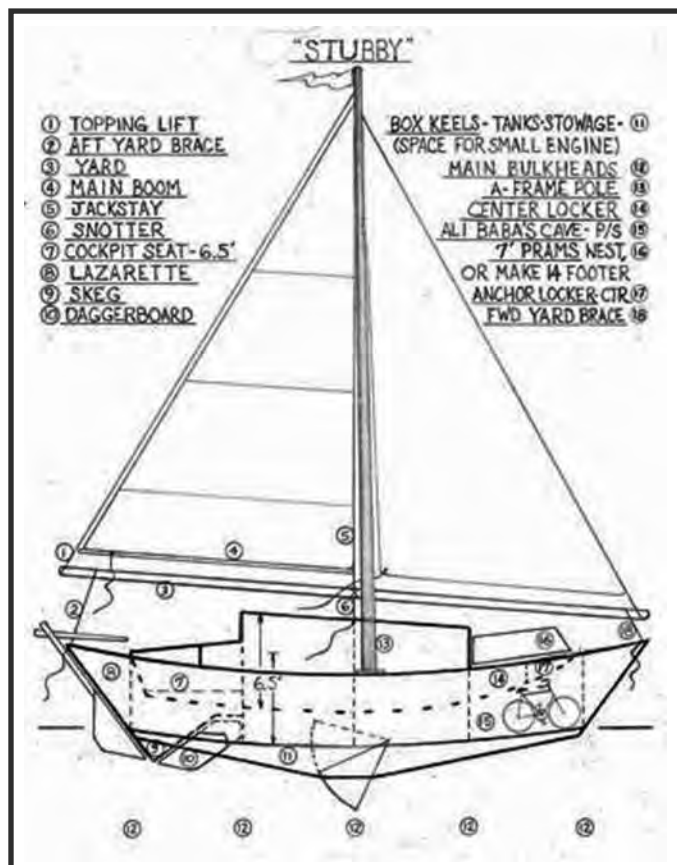
A snorter or similar moving purchase from the center of the yard to the cabin top provides downhaul and some limited fore and aft adjustment. Braces at each end of the yard provide fore and aft as well as athwartship adjustment, while acting as vang and preventers at once.

The main boom is independent of the yard but sheets to it. On most points of sail the jib sheets lead to the hull, as with any conventional rig. On a broad reach, however, or when running, both sails sheet to the yard only and may be slacked, trimmed, or reefed as is conventional without the bother of spinnaker poles.

All other running rigging belays to the yard at all times except the jackstay halyard, forestay halyard, and main topping lift which falls travel within the hollow frame poles to cleats near their exits.

In practice the rig operates conventionally, from hard on the wind to wind slightly abaft the beam. Beyond that, when main blankets jib, the yard will be rotated and braced square to that point of sail so the jib can catch clean air without needing to be poled out. Also, the entire sailplan will be moved slightly forward or back to adjust the center of effort relative to the center of lateral plane, resulting in a remarkably fine balance of helm on any course.

Just cute enough.



Sailing Trials

The centerboard amidships with stern-wise daggerboard arrangement, coupled with the movable sailplan, makes for a vessel that needs no wind-pilot or auto-helm for self-steering. I'll say that again, she's naturally self-steering on any point of sail. The sails themselves act as one giant windvane.

This ability was confirmed to me and the others on my team in March as we followed *Stubby* with our canoe on a large pond in north Florida. On all points of sail, from close-hauled to wind dead astern, with helm free and amidships, she steered like a freight train on Valium.

Especially pleasant, with the yard squared off, was to imagine ourselves aboard seeing a sailplan shaped like the twins of downwind fame and know that there would be no poles, fore and aft guys, or topping lifts to futz with. I suspect even the dreadful rolling which twins induce would be far less pronounced since the centers of effort are pulled back to amidships from their usual extreme forward locations. But that is a question to be put to a monohull since catamarans don't roll in any case.

The sail area is modest but seemed adequate. The full-battened main is pure Commodore Munro. Triangular sails of similar size aid the balancing act and should be easy to find/adapt from the used jib marketplaces. The yard can serve the lazy-jack system, as well as provide ready stowage for sails, rain-catchers, sailcovers, and the like. Or raise the yard and instantly deploy end-to-end stowed-in-place awnings, the easy way.

Concept model with figures scaled to 6'.



What's in a Name?

I saw a 15' or so sail toy at Annapolis some years ago that carried a one-piece boom under the main and jib which rotated around the mast somewhat. It was just a glance and I never saw one again or had a chance to study it. Windsurfer sails come to mind for their fore and aft shiftability, but lack a jib.

Anything else out there? If anyone knows of something that already has a name, please let me know. Until then I'm calling it the Pendulum Rig.

A Good Idea

I intend an open or closed-ended two-year project. It begins with me getting this thing lofted 6" to the foot with full-size patterns right here on the basement floor and then sourcing the materials within the next few months. Perhaps in that time (inquiries welcome) a partner will appear.

If so, pre-fabrication can begin. The studs/ribs, for instance, from forefoot to rudderpost are identical. They will all be pre-cut, and treated with borate salts for rot prevention. The stringers, plywood, beams, and main bulkheads will be fashioned as well, rot-proofed and, in some cases, pre-finished to some degree.

All the prep work gets done in a small shed anywhere, two men, a chop-saw, and a dipping vat, no need for a bigger space yet. Then, after hurricane season, in a temporary boatshed right on the ICW, the boat gets assembled in three months by some hotshot house carpenter friends of mine and launched in 3' of water early in 2010.

Rig goes up. Boat gets stocked. Four or five of us leave in July 2010 on the one-year At-

lantic Circle Shakedown Cruise, stopping at the Azores, Madeira, Canaries, Senegal, Gambia, Bijagos Archipelago, and Cape Verde's before crossing to the Caribbean in April 2011.

Back in Florida we close out the project by selling the vessel or open it up to further propositions such as chartering, building another, or selling kits. That's what I have in mind.

Some clarifications are needed here. I envision the finished vessel (ready-for-sea) as an empty basket. Interior arrangements are spare and open to evolution during the voyage. With the right group of folks we'd return with the bugs worked out and an interior "grown" in place.

Auxiliary propulsion is provided by outboard on the pushboat/tender, or drop-down bracket in the cockpit. Sweeps would work well also, positioned at the bases of the two A-frame poles.

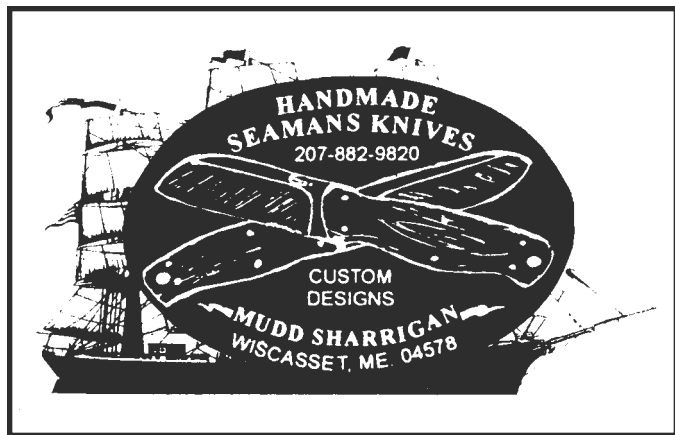
A Guesstimate and Invitation

One hundred sheets of plywood. The scantlings stock. One hundred gallons of E-bond epoxy. Dynel or xynole polyester. Some glass. Monel staples. Aluminum angle for the hatches. Sails. A few more things. Friendly labor. Some calculated risk.

Hmmmm... less than \$15,000 for materials and \$5,000 each in living expenses for the cruise. That sounds about right. If interested, get in touch. I'll keep doin' the homework, jimntrey@yahoo.com.

(Jim Sumerlin's article, "Lost Boys With a Boat" (about the first of four Atlantic crossings with his 14-year-old son on Blackie, a 60-year-old, wooden, 26' gaff-rigged ketch, appeared in the April 15, 2007 issue.)

Sailing model with hatches illustrated and rig positioned for broad reach.



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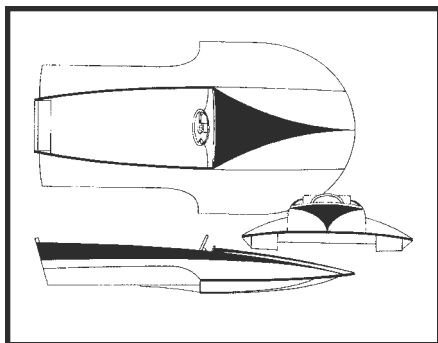
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Top
Ten
Designs

#7 Super Spartan

10' Hydroplane
Build in Plywood



Characteristics

Length overall	10'2"
Beam	5'0"
Hull depth	12"
Hull weight (approx)	100lbs
Average passengers	1

Hull type: Three-point hydroplane developed for sheet plywood planking

Power: Short shaft motor up to 35hp

Trailer: Designed for use with Glen-L Series 650 trailer plans

Description

For straight-out speed on the water, not much can match a three-point hydro. The two sponsons or "runners" provide stability at high speeds while air rushing under the tunnel provides lift and a cushion of air. Little, if any, of the aft end of the boat is in the water. At speed the boat will ride on the two sponsons and the propeller.

Our Super Spartan is ideal for "big kids" (adults, that is) capable of handling bigger loads and motors. It is very easy and quick to build, especially when using a Frame Kit. Neither boat requires a building form. Building your own would save you big bucks if it weren't for the fact that you probably couldn't find a ready-made if you tried.

These "thrill" boats should only be used in smooth or protected waters, free from wind

and chop. Always wear a safety helmet and life jacket and keep weight to a minimum for optimum performance and safety. This boat will make an excellent beginning project, even for youths to build on their own, or with a little help from Mom or Dad.

Plans and Patterns

Complete plans include full size patterns for the runner chines, bow piece, dash beam, coaming, side planking, and half-section patterns for the transom and each frame. Includes Instructions, Bill of Materials, and Fastening Schedule.

Frame Kit

*Each frame fully assembled

- Transom fully framed
- Bow piece
- Deck beam
- Dash beam

Complete Plans with Instructions, Bill of Materials, and Fastening Schedule.



Designs from

THE  **RUDDER** 1903

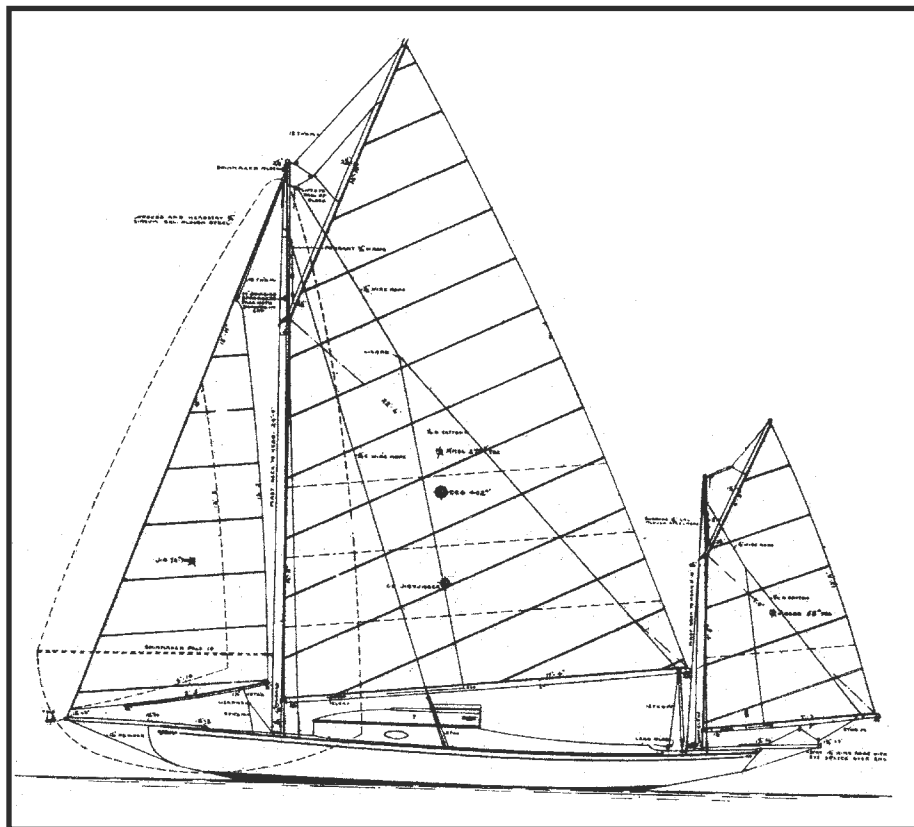
One-Design 17' Yawl

The accompanying yawl plans show a boat designed by Wm H. Hand, Jr, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, for George Schofield, Esq, of Toronto, Canada. The boat is of a type the designer has been consistently developing and which has given much satisfaction. The design was made to produce a handy little boat for afternoon sailing and short cruises, and the plans give promise of admirably fulfilling these requirements as the size and rig will give the owner a boat which can be easily handled alone in any weather, and under reduced canvas the boat should work nicely in the hardest winds. The cabin is large enough for a couple of men to sleep in and a cruise of considerable length could be taken very comfortably. The owner is building the boat in his leisure time and expects to have her ready for launching early in the coming season.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length overall	26' 0"
Length waterline	17' 0"
Overhang, bow	4' 0"
Overhang, stern	5' 0"
Beam	7' 2"

Draught	3' 0"
Freeboard, bow	2' 3"
Freeboard, stern	1' 9"
Freeboard, least	1' 5"
Displacement	3,870lbs
Sail Area	402sf
Headroom in Cabin	3' 11"

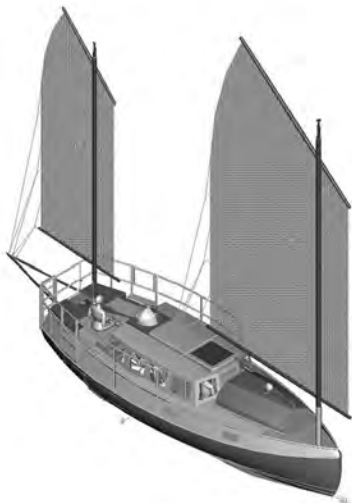


Computer-Aided Boat Design

By Andy Slavinskis and Jenny Thompson
Compiled from Notes by Ted Kilsdonk
and Ron Gibbs
All renderings by Ron Gibbs
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware Valley TSCA

For the last 12 years Ron Gibbs has spent some of his spare time modeling boats. He uses a program called Pro-Engineer. It is a solids modeling tool designed to create complex machined parts. As the illustrations in this article demonstrate, Ron's computer skills not only allowed him to realize design concepts, but they also gave him virtual data which can be translated into a construction plan with offsets that are understandable to any motivated boat builder, as is the case with his Luna design.

Ron's computer modeling didn't begin with Luna. He was impressed with John Welsford's Swaggie, a 5.5-meter sailboat rigged with a single Chinese junk sail. She was designed to handle the cold and rough seas off the south coast of Australia. A dominant feature of the design is that the crew can sail from inside the boat without going on deck or even into the cockpit.



Ron's yawl version of Welsford's Swaggie.

Taking Welsford's cartoon and entering it into his program, Ron stretched it to six meters. He then wondered what it would look like if rigged as a junk yawl and stretched it to 8.5 meters or 28 feet. To better understand the differences in size and scale, he modeled a few well-known boats for comparison, including his Celebrity Class daysailer.

Then he got interested in other boats.

He modeled Commodore Ralph Munroe's Egret and designed accommodations and cockpit details for it, but he later decided that the boat was too heavy and did not have enough room for what he wanted.

Then he modeled Phil Bolger's Birdwatcher, a double-ended hull with high sides. The topsides, being translucent, allow passengers to look out (i.e., bird watch) as they sail.

After modeling several designs by other people, Ron decided to combine ideas. The result has the working name of Boscow. It comes to about 25' LOD, 6'6" beam, and will

weigh close to 1,200lbs. With the translucent sides of a Birdwatcher, the design has a shoal draft rudder, a daggerboard foil, and a clever system to turn and raise a motor.



Ron's Boscow design.

As with many boat builders, inspiration and indecision can circle a host of designs for years before descending on the perfect project. For Ron the perfect project was Luna, a "sail and oars" boat similar in capability to a modern Raid boat. The boat has a 4' beam and is 19'10" LOA. The inspiration is a boat which can often be seen at the St Michaels Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival, Bolger's Wisp as built by Richard Cullison.

Starting with a Moth rig that he bought at the St Michaels swap meet, and wanting to incorporate a sliding rowing seat, Ron began altering Bolger's Wisp to suit. He kept Bolger's sheer line but changed the rest of the hull, giving it a steeper deadrise. Instead of Bolger's twin dagger boards Ron inserted two pivoting bilge boards. The rudder resides in a trunk that can be pulled and lifted. It is rigged with three rowing locations. A single rower can use the middle set of oarlocks, or two rowers can use the fore and aft set.



Luna while rowing.

Ron drew a variant of Luna as a gas-electric powered steamboat look-alike with a box in the front, shaped like a steam engine but containing a small Honda generator. The generator output is converted to 12V in the box and sent to a modified trolling motor dropped through the rudder well.

Luna as a hybrid.



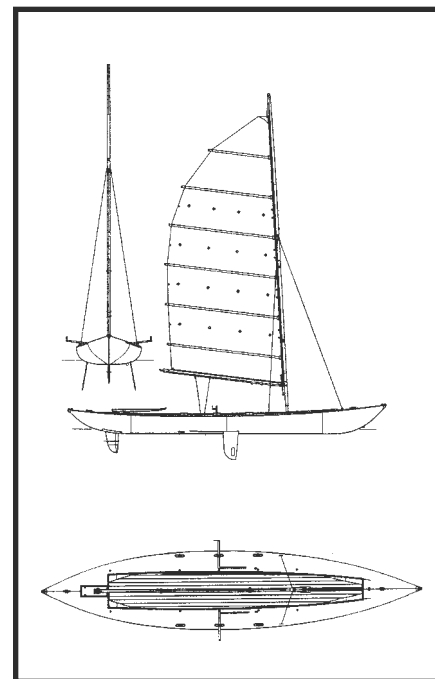
As of early January the strongback, station moulds, stem moulds, and bulkheads for this design are all complete. The boat is to be strip-planked of western red cedar and should weigh close to 200lbs.

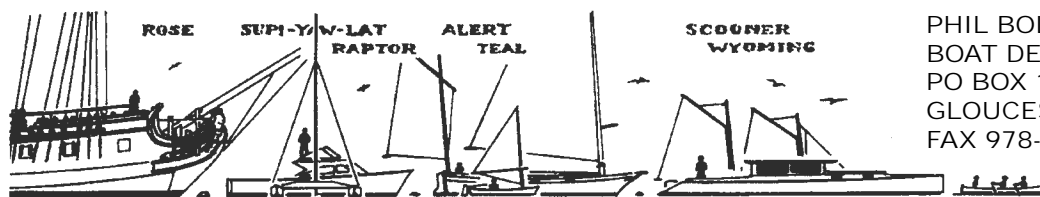
Creating a 3-D computer model of a boat is akin to constructing a boat, albeit virtually. In the computer Ron established a centerline, sheer, buttock, and waterlines as one would on the lofting floor, but instead of springing a batten through various points the software's algorithms faired the curves.

From the computer model a classic table of offsets can be created, but instead of using this table Ron used the program to print full-scale moulds and bulkheads by taking the drawing file to Kinko's and printing it full-size.

One of the design constraints is that while rowing or sailing the other rig has to stow on board. Ron is hopeful that he will be able to make the conversion between the two activities while at sea.

He is looking forward to camp-cruising in his Luna design and participating in both the rowing and the sailing races at MASCF.





PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGNERS
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The original Brick, our Design #458, was an exercise in maximum capacity out of three sheets of plywood. With the addition of a sailing rig and dagger leeboard, both oversized, the 4'x8' boxes sailed very well with, as an early builder reported, "three overweight men and a big, frightened dog." There was only one curve, the bottom profile, and only one angle off 90°, the raked stem that kept the overall length of the bottom panel to an even 8'. It could be described as an overgrown Tortoise (Design #363).

In 1993 we were working on a commission for a very small steel boat which was to compensate for the great weight of weldable steel by carrying a good deal of her displacement in a box keel. To get a handle on the behavior of the box keel we had David Montgomery build us a Brick hull with a scaled-down version of the proposed keel which would become Design #614, named Flying Cloud, that's right, just like that famous clipper ship. We wrote up the results in *MAIB* Vol 11 No 17, January 15, 1994.

First trial showed that the thick box keel was not good enough lateral plane; she sailed, including to windward, but close-hauled there was unacceptable leeway (interesting because a flat keel of the same profile would have held on well). What was demonstrated was that carrying a lot of the boat's displacement in the thick keel reduced the total wave-making a lot. As these two photos from the early '90s show, it was striking how small and shallow the waves were even when the square hull was driven quite hard in a good breeze. This was the result of spreading out the displacement fore and aft, "a high prismatic coefficient," while still keeping the entrance and run quite sharp. It looked promising for the steel boat even if we had to give her a centerboard.

I added a 3" flange around the forward end of the keel, one of those what-was-I-thinking-of mistakes as it predictably gave her more weather helm than the rather narrow rudder could handle. She needed to have the flange under the center of sail area and a broader rudder. But it did demonstrate that a thick keel with a flange could be effective lateral plane. The cove froze up before we could make the changes but we kept the Flying Cloud, for a while serving as a roof over a stack of firewood, and we still have her, but still without the corrections.

Fast forward to last December when an old client wrote from Texas that he wanted "a Brick with a Birdwatcher top." As usual we were behind on all sorts of matters, somewhat exhausted and down from wrestling with too many things for too long. So we thought it would be a therapeutic diversion from matters much more serious in serious times to make a quick drawing showing how a Flying Cloud hull could be modified into a cruiser?! The thought of converting our stored Flying Cloud was a temptation, as if we had no other pending projects. Some day. Yes, we call this therapy! If you think she looks unusual, go figure how much we needed that diversion.

Bolger on Design

NanoCruiser Water Beetle 10 Design #680

Length 10'0" – Breadth 4'4" – Draft 1'3"
Sail Area 70+sf – Displ 750lbs

As a NanoCruiser she'd have to sleep at least one body with stuff, if not two lean types with just carbon toothbrushes and astronaut food for provisions. The transom benches are 6'10" long to shove duffle bags and "stuff" into the ends. They're 15" wide for seats. But seat back cushions can extend one side or both to the center to make a 22" single berth or a 44" double with luxurious possibilities. Screened positive ventilation is provided for with the slide closed against any amount of rain (or maybe snow, body heat doesn't call for much supplementing with this small volume).

The hull sides are backed with 1" of foam, part of her positive buoyancy. They have some insulating value as well, at least to avoid damp cushions from condensation, the mostly transparent top may drip from certain areas with condensation. That simple bow will be a bit noisy in a chop but on this draft you can generally get into a quiet hole.

Almost at once it was clear that getting in and out of the boat over the ends was not a good idea even if the berth-length cockpit benches left space enough. The trim with weight on either transom was not healthy. Trying this and that we ended up sliding the whole amidships part of the shelter aft to clear about 33" overhead and at the sides. This called for designing the now-sizeable slide with smooth running and jam-free action, eventually using small sheaves running captive between two 1"x½" galv steel tracks. Beyond this large sliding hatch she has a bow hatch plus computer fan ventilation intake through baffled intakes and opens up her stern to control the outboard and to vent cooking with everything else tight during rain. Under bug attack we'd have cold food and keep an eye on that battery to breath through the night.

To allow all these ergonomics the mast is in an off-center tabernacle to port with the motor (did I mention that she had to have a motor?) off-center to starboard in a stern extension over and around the (needed) broader rudder for balance, note the 17lb Danforth on the tabernacle. The motor is a nice 2hp Honda four-stroke with a centrifugal clutch and 360° swivel. It slides up vertically to the right of the rudder to get the prop out of water and is cut off from the living room

with a watertight door. Expect 3.5+ knots in smooth water or a long swell. The port half of the stern has a working surface for cooking with a self-draining compartment under it for reserve fuel and a few skinny short lines. Yes, there are oar-ports for exercise and sensitivity in certain environments.

The new keel flange is a steel plate but we propose to try her with a temporary plywood version first to get its position and shape right this time. Flying Cloud needed 170lbs of ballast to put her down on her lines. It's inside in lead bricks in her but will eventually all be in the keel flange. A Sched 24 battery for running lights, etc, fed by a 22w solar panel in the sliding hatch, is down in the box keel where it's effective additional ballast.

While all this was in the works, besides projecting detail for the various solutions, we had looked off and on at the two rigs. We personally intend to have the 70sf balanced lug as we have leftovers from a dipping lug experiment on a Junebug ages ago, but the 59sf jib-headed rig is the regular Payson sail from the standard Brick. It became clear that there was a problem sheeting either sail. The sliding hatch, when open, pre-empted all the obvious locations for deck blocks. Readers are invited to solve this puzzle, taking account, please, of the mast and boom position nearly out to the port side.

We concluded that the only way, short of an impossibly long boomkin, was to move the sheet to the far forward position shown and give it enough mechanical advantage to control the boom from that disadvantageous point. Why not? It's just a question of enough parts, after all. But the sprit-boom rig is a still harder problem as the sheet will foul the foot of the sail on one tack. We're leaving it with a wishbone boom and two sheets which have to be handled in tacking.

For more drama and to further upset the average yachty we think it would be fun to have a yard topsail something like the ones that some French fishing luggers used to set. Our version would be zipped or laced along the foot to the mainsail yard with the topsail yard hoisted to a stick-on closet pole topmast. We're still playing with possibilities on this. Maybe more later...

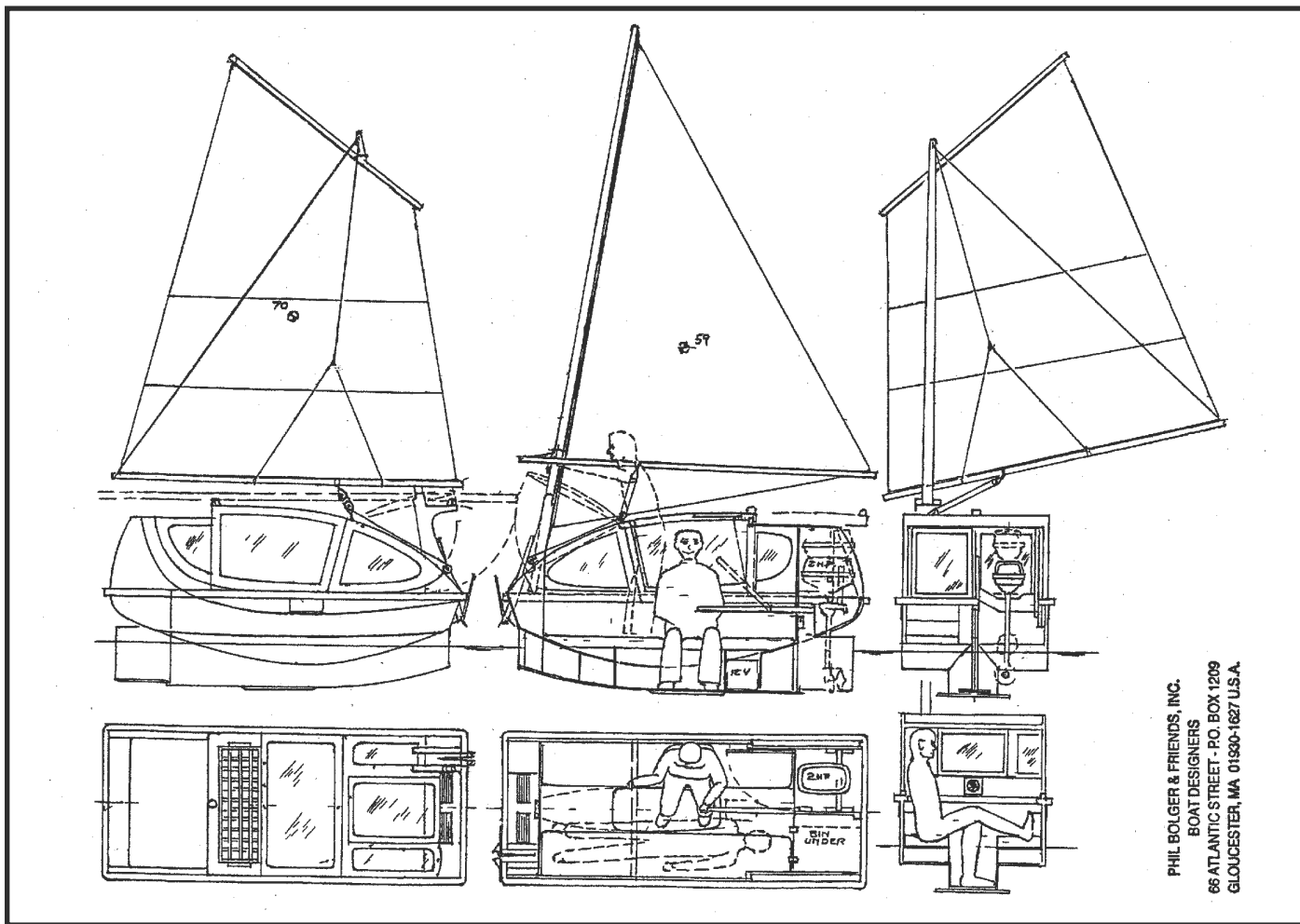
Yes, the cheap home center 8'x4' utility trailers will carry her. Apart from drowning the cheap steel in paint, just hose down that salt water after each outing. Other folks would shove her up into a pick-up truck's cargo bed, we'd consider suspending a regular trailer winch via rope off the front bumper and up and over the cab to crank her up over some 2"x10"s hooked on the lowered tailgate until she touches our legs, ready for some tie-downs. Yes, a modest dolly will move her more easily up that 2x ramp and will be handy to roll her around on the hard and not-so-hard; we'd have balloon tires like wheelbarrows typically feature and for the same reasons. She could wobble down places towards the water where the truck can't go.

Problem might be to get her back to the parking lot. Winches, comealongs, and all that for the romance and sweat of it all! However carried on long road trips, she'll serve fine as a

cheap truck stop sleepover option. Not much privacy, though. Oh we forgot, you'll have designer curtains on all five sides...

Plans of NanoCruiser Water Beetle-10,

our Design #680, are available for \$125 to build one boat, sent priority mail rolled in a tube from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930, US.



PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC.
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Recently the Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez, a cooperative historical project of the Florida Institute for Salt Water Heritage, and Manatee County Clerk of the Circuit Court R.B. "Chips" Shore's Historical Resources Department received a very important and very scarce set of books as a gift to its library. This set contains lines drawings as well as photographs and plans of historic American boats, many of which have sunken into the mud and have subsequently been lost.

The benefactors, Cindy and Bob Pitt, discovered the books on a trip to the Florida Keys searching for information about the schooner *Louisa* and how involved a relative of Bob's was in building it. Their search took them to the Key West Library where the reference librarian recognized the boat and remembered that information on the *Louisa* was in a set of books that were in the library's vault. Looking through the books, Bob and Cindy became aware that the volumes contain much more Florida maritime history than just that on the *Louisa* and they decided to find a set and make them available to the people of our area. There is no set in Manatee or Sarasota Counties and according to the OCLC, the Online Computer Library Center, there is not another set in the entire state of Florida.

The set, Melvin H. Jackson's, *The Historic American Merchant Marine Survey*, published by The Ayer Company, Salem, New Hampshire, in 1983 is in seven elephant folio volumes (ca 23½"x18½") bound in cloth over boards, a total of over 2,000 pages. It was an effort of the United States Works Projects Administration, being Federal Project #6, which began operations in March 1936. The set is bound in such a way that pages of desirable plans can relatively easily be removed for copying.

A listing of the table of contents gives an idea of the present scope of the work. Volume I: East Coast Vessels; Oceangoing Barks/Brigs and Brigantines/Oceangoing Vessels-Ship Rigged/Offshore Schooners. Volume II: East Coast Vessels; Inshore Schooners. Volume III: East Coast Vessels; Sloops, Yawls, and Ketches. Volume IV: East Coast Vessels; Sail and Power Yachts, Foreign Vessels/Steers Models/Powered Craft Open and Half-Decked Boats. Volume V: Great Lake Vessels; Schooners and Barkentines/Steam

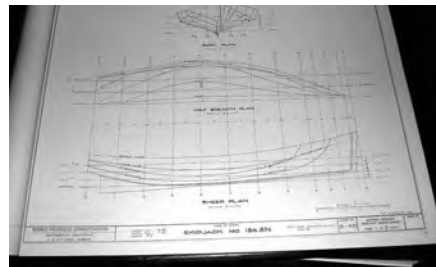
HAMMS Books Donated to Florida Maritime Museum

By Doug Calhoun



Screw Vessels/Paddle, Side and Stern Vessels/Steam Barges/Fishing Tugs/Miscellaneous Craft. Volume VI: West Coast Vessels; Ships/Barkentines/Brigs. Volume VII: West Coast Vessels; Scow Schooners/Steam Schooners/Tugs/Specialized Craft/Sail Plans Various Craft/Foreign Vessels.

About the boats relevant to Florida the introduction states, "In Florida the project was almost an American survey in itself." Boats in Florida were documented to have been built in Maine, Long Island and several other New York State sites, New Jersey, Chesapeake Bay, and Alabama. Other boats built in the Bahamas and Nicaragua show the foreign influence.



The volumes contain drawings and plans of 52 Florida-built vessels from the early sponge industry vessels, the earliest an 1898 lateen-rigged one mast double-ender of Mediterranean design, to many other types of boats such as sloops, dinghies, keel and centerboard schooners, sharpies, skipjacks (one made in Cortez), catboats, dugouts, pilot boats, stern wheel river steamers, tourist boats, tow boats, dispatch boats and many others built for coastal locations from Jacksonville to Pensacola.

The set contain lines drawings (some from the actual boats when they survived some from half models), plans and photographs that could be used to reproduce the vessels depicted. Some drawings even contain details of various parts of boats, even details of parts of parts. Not only are nautical details a concern but also the historical information and dates are included when known about the designer, the builder, the location, the owner, where used, who surveyed the boat, and the source of any other bit of information, almost anything one could wish to learn about the boat. One page or several pages may be devoted to a single boat.

The preface to the work concludes, "There can be little doubt of the abiding influence of *The Historic American Merchant Marine Survey* as a landmark in the preservation of a sector of America's maritime past."

Cindy and Bob Pitt have deep ties to the community. Cindy has helped to educate young people as a teacher at the Center Montessori School in Bradenton. Bob has been a boat builder for over 30 years, volunteered at the Manatee Village Historical Park, and now is the boat builder for the Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez. They both feel they have benefited from the community and want to give something back that may be of benefit to the community at large.

In a further note, on the third weekend of April at the Great Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival #4, the Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez scheduled a speech by Todd Croteau of the Historic American Building Survey, National Park Service. Croteau is continuing the work of the HAMMS and presented material not yet published as well as describing state of the art modern documentation methods.

The Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez is located at 4415 119th St W, Cortez, Florida, and is open Tuesday through Saturday from 8:30am to 4:00pm.

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25 Years Ago in MAIB

The Solitary Joys of Sculling

Report by Peter Stoler
(Reprinted from the *New York Times*
Magazine with permission of the author)



Standing on the bank of the Charles River at 6am in shorts and T-shirt, Walter Burke looks just like the dozens of similarly dressed joggers who are bending, stretching, and psyching themselves for an early-morning run along the stream that separates Cambridge from Boston.

But Burke, who used to do some jogging himself, now gets his exercise in a different way. Finishing his warm-up, he leans over a sleek 16' fiberglass craft that looks like a kayak and slides it into the river. He fits a pair of long spoon-bladed oars into the metal arms that project a foot from the boat's sides. Then, stepping carefully from the river's stone bank, Burke lowers himself into the boat. He settles onto the narrow wooden seat of an apparatus that resembles a dry-land rowing machine and laces his bare feet into sandal-like holders. Ready, he lets the Charles' almost imperceptible current carry him away from the bank.

Out on the river Burke, 37, starts his routine. Glancing over his shoulder from time to time to see where he is going, he begins rowing, using the boat's sliding seat to let his legs, rather than his back, do most of the work. He starts off slowly, rowing 12 strokes a minute and pausing to let his boat glide after each pull on the oars. But then, passing under the Western Avenue Bridge, he begins to pick up the pace. Fifteen strokes a minute. Stroking harder, 20 to the minute, he passes under the River Street Bridge, Boston University Bridge, Harvard Bridge, and into the basin, two miles from his starting point.

Warmed up, his skin glowing from the surge of oxygenated blood the exercise has induced, his heart pounding as if from a good run, Burke rests on his oars for a moment, breathing deeply. Then, taking advantage of what can only be called a "rower's high," he turns and heads back upstream, rowing hard. Twenty minutes after leaving the basin he is back where he started. He lifts the 40lb boat out of the water, carries it across Memorial Drive, and loads it on top of his car. By 8:30am Burke, showered, dressed, and ready for the day, is behind the wheel of his car again, heading for the small electronics firm where he works.

And, as he will quickly tell anyone who asks, as well as a few who do not, he is feeling terrific. "This is the greatest exercise I

can think of," he says. "I wish I had started doing it ten years ago."

Burke, who took up rowing two years ago following a running injury, is one of a growing number of fitness enthusiasts who have discovered the joys of recreational sculling. Rowing, whether in one of the elegant single sculls immortalized by the painter Thomas Eakins or in a four- or eight-oared shell, was once the almost exclusive province of muscular undergraduates who pulled for their school's crew or of those post-graduates who had the connections and resources to belong to an organization like Philadelphia's prestigious Vesper Boat Club.

Now rowing is not only growing, but it is growing more democratic. The United States Rowing Association (USRA) estimates that more than 10,000 Americans, about a quarter of whom are women, row regularly for exercise, pleasure, or competition. The association also estimates that the number of rowers is increasing at the rate of about 5% a year.

Many of these rowers are, indeed, former college oarsmen or highly competitive amateurs who put in long hours training as members of club crews. Many do belong, of necessity, to well-organized facilities like the New York Athletic Club, which has a well-stocked boathouse just north of Manhattan, teaches rowing to children as young as eight, and fields or, more appropriately, floats, some of the country's top competitive crews.

But as many as half of these oarsmen are recreational rowers who row for the sheer enjoyment of being out on the water, making a boat move smoothly under their own power, and getting a quality of exercise that some claim is superior to all others.

"Recreational rowing is catching on fast," says Robert Jaugstetter, assistant rowing coach at Boston's Northeastern University and assistant editor of the USRA publication, *Rowing USA*. "It's a boom sport."

The spark that really ignited the recreational rowing boom was the development in 1970 of a craft called the Alden Ocean Shell. It was a modification of the classic racing single scull, which is about 30' long, a mere 12" wide, and extremely unstable. In its sleekest form it is made of cedar so light an oarsman who boards one carelessly risks putting his foot through the thin planking.

The Alden was designed by Arthur E.

Martin, a naval architect and owner of Martin Marine in Kittery Point, Maine, who had been building experimental kayaks with a new material, fiberglass. After years of tinkering Martin, in 1966, put together a 16' kayak that paddled exceptionally well (a kayak is usually 13' to 15' long).

He further discovered that when he fitted his fiberglass craft with a sliding seat, it rowed even better. Propelled by a pair of 7½' oars, the boat skimmed over the water smoothly and swiftly. Its relatively short waterline made it slower than a longer single scull (a boat's "hull speed," or the speed with which it can be driven through the water, depends on the length of the hull at the waterline). But because its kayak-like hull was decked, or covered, Martin's craft could take on seas that would swamp a single scull, and its 24" beam gave it a stability that a 12"-wide single scull could never achieve.

In 1970 Martin showed his unnamed boat, which until then had been mainly a family plaything, to some friends, among them the Maine designer and boat builder Everett Pearson. He liked it and agreed to have his firm build the boat if Martin would guarantee him the 20 sales necessary to justify the cost of the mold. Martin was not sure he could. "I thought I might be able to sell three and then end up with 17 boats on my hands," he says. "But I decided to gamble."

The gamble paid off. Word of mouth sold the first 20 boats, which Martin named the Alden Ocean Shell after the celebrated yacht designer, the late John Alden. A favorite response to the first boats in yachting magazines and other publications assured their success. Before the year was out, 165 recreational shells were sold for less than \$1,000 each.

The reasons for the Alden's success are obvious to anyone who has ever tried to row a scull. Racing sculls are so narrow that even a slim-hipped oarsman finds himself hanging over the sides, and so "tender" that even experienced oarsmen admit to capsizing them often. The Alden's greater width lets most amateurs feel secure as soon as they step into one. Furthermore, with the oars resting on the water like outriggers, the craft is far more stable than a recreational canoe.

One reason for rowing's popularity is the ease with which it can be learned. Martin



maintains that his "ten-minute, 75¢ lesson" is all that most people need to feel comfortable in a recreational shell. He simply puts the would-be rower into one of his craft and goes through the basic motions, reaching the oars forward for the "catch," pulling through for the stroke and feathering, or turning the oar blades horizontal, to avoid catching the wind, then recovering for the next catch. And indeed, most rowers maintain that after a few minutes' instruction they have taught themselves how to row quite nicely.

Another reason for rowing's appeal is the sheer pleasure it provides. Many rowers claim that the shells, which are inherently faster than the flat-bottomed skiffs and the other flexed-seat craft that most semi-experienced oarsmen have rowed, provide a sensual reward as they skim along between strokes and attain speeds unattainable in a rental boat on, say, the lake in Central Park. Others derive pleasure from mastering rowing's movements and performing them correctly. "It's wonderful when you've got it all together," says Burke. "There are days when you feel you could just go on forever."

A few recreational shell owners work hard at developing the strength and endurance that will enable them to row a mile or more at a racer's rate of up to 30 strokes a minute. But most are content to row for fitness (a half-hour's hard row is the equivalent of a five-mile run) or for fun.

Improvements over the original Alden have further increased the sport's popularity. In 1972, while designing a two-man version of the Alden, Martin hit on the idea for the Oarmaster, a patented sliding seat/outtrigger oarlock arrangement that has since become the key feature of all his boats. The device fits into anchor brackets on the bottom of the boat, eliminating the strain on the hull caused by bolts for conventional oarlocks. Sold separately, it also enables buyers to convert almost any small craft into a sliding seat rower.

Two years later Martin added a third craft to a line that included the Alden single and double. "We found that some people wanted a boat a little faster than the Alden," he explained, "but they didn't want something quite as racy as a single scull." Martin's compromise, the 20' Martin Trainer, is nearly

as long as a scull but, with a 20" beam, more than half again as wide, giving it a combination of speed and stability.

Martin's boats are probably the best-known and the most widely used of the recreational rowing shells. More than 3,500 Aldens, singles and doubles, are currently plying waters from Kittery Point, where Martin, his wife, and a platoon of children and grandchildren row them regularly, to California where hardy oarsmen use them for distance racing.

Since the introduction of the Alden Ocean Shell in 1970, other manufacturers have moved into the market. Some two dozen companies, including several that once built only racing shells, are now turning out recreational rowing craft. Little River Marine of Gainesville, Florida, offers a line of four recreational boats. Peinert Boatworks of New Bedford, Massachusetts, offers a 21-footer and a 16-footer in addition to its racing shell. Ralph E. Graham, a retired Orange County, California, surgeon whose enthusiasm for rowing led him to start his own boat company, is currently marketing five recreational designs.

Art Javes, designer of the popular Aquacat sailing catamaran, offers the most unusual boat. His Gulfport, Florida, firm manufactures the Rowcat, a twin-hulled recreational shell that virtually eliminates instability. "We wanted a boat in which people could forget about balance and just concentrate on rowing," says Javes of his speedy, ultra-stable craft. The Rowcat is made in both a single and double version and now there is a smaller model called an Omni-Cat that can be pedaled and sailed as well as rowed.

Rowers tend to be an evangelistic lot. "I can't think of anything more relaxing, more enjoyable, than just getting into a boat and getting out on the water under my own power," says Richard E. Springer, 52, a Brooklyn high school teacher who owns an Alden single to row by himself and a double to row with his wife or friends. "I'm fascinated by how easily the boat moves over the water." Springer invites just about anyone who expresses an interest in rowing to come out to the canoe club on Jamaica Bay, where he keeps his boat, and try it, convinced that a tri-

al row will make a convert out of nearly anyone interested in either boats or fitness.

John Bodine, 37, of Cambridge, is equally enthusiastic. Bodine, who rowed while a student at Stanford University, owns a 16-footer capable of carrying two oarsmen. Wheeling the boat to the Charles and launching it from a homemade dolly, Bodine rows with a friend about twice a week and feels that rowing promotes psychological as well as physiological well-being. "I never come off the river without feeling great," he says.

In fact, fitness experts tend to agree that rowing is one of the best all-round exercises there is. Dr. Fredrick C. Hagerman, an authority on physical fitness at Ohio University, considers rowing "the most physiologically demanding of any aerobic sports" and suggests cross-country skiing as its only equal.

Rowing exercises the legs, the back, the arms, even the muscles of the abdomen, which the rower must use to bring his body upright after completion of a stroke. "It's like doing 200 sit-ups a mile," says Martin.

Not surprisingly, rowers seem to be a healthy lot. Studies done at Dartmouth University and other centers for sports medicine reveal rowers to be among the best conditioned of all athletes. They may also be the longest-lived. A 1972 study in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reported that members of the 1914 Harvard crew outlived most of their classmates. Nor is rowing necessarily a young person's sport. Ernestine Bayer, who founded one of the first women's clubs, the Philadelphia Girls' Rowing Club, back in 1938, still rows her Alden every day, weather permitting, ignoring both the chill that often pervades the waters of her native New Hampshire and the fact that she is 74 years old.

Rowers are not only healthy but relatively injury-free. Some do, to be sure, suffer from back problems or tendonitis in the forearms, usually as a result of doing something wrong. But few suffer the knee, hip, and ankle problems or the stress fractures that plague joggers. It is no accident, observes Dr. Graham, the California surgeon, that a significant number of rowers are former joggers who took up rowing after suffering injuries running. "We can't say that rowers never get hurt," says Jauggeter of Boston's Northeastern University. "But I think they're more likely to hurt themselves getting their boats into the water or out of it than they are rowing."

Does this mean that rowing is the ideal exercise? It certainly comes close. But there are drawbacks. Access to water, for one. Boat clubs with docks and storage facilities can be costly and most clubs limit their use to members. Public launching ramps are few and far between. Though most Americans do, indeed, live within relatively easy driving distance of a rowable body of water, only a handful are interested in loading boat and oars onto their automobiles every time they feel like a little exercise.

Rowing is also expensive. An Alden Ocean Shell costs about \$1,320 for boat, Oarmaster, and oars (though Martin's Company, Martin Marine in Kittery, is now offering a kit boat that can put a would-be oarsman with some basic building skills onto the water for around \$800). Other craft can set recreational rowers back as much as \$2,100, depending upon how fast they want to row.

But committed rowers will tell you that the pleasures of recreational sculling easily offset the high price of buying the boat. Like



Marjorie Martin puts the family product to good use,

joggers who claim that the world looks better after a good run, rowers feel that the world looks brighter after a good row and pretty good during it, too. "Rowing is more than just a good way to exercise," says Seymour H. Chalif, 56, a Manhattan attorney who keeps an Alden at his summer home on Long Island and rows regularly in one of the South Shore's saltwater ponds. "It's a great way to get out into nature, to get away from everything and everybody, and have some solitude. You don't need a crew."

Chalif, who keeps in shape during the week and during the winter months by exercising on a rowing machine, rows for about three-quarters of an hour a day when weather and the pressures of his practice permit. He prefers to go out at sunrise. "That's the best time," he says. "The only others at that time

are fishermen and they are solitaires, too. You can row at your own pace and, if you want, stop to look at the birds."

A large number of rowers race, entering regattas like the Cambridge, Massachusetts, annual Head of the Charles race, the Alden Shell Association's annual eight-mile pull from the offshore Isle of Shoals to Kittery Point, Maine, or the tough, 36-mile haul from Catalina Island to Marina del Rey in California. But most are content with the kind of competition that Chalif enjoys. "There's an old swan out on the pond where I row who thinks he owns the place," says he. "Every time I go down to his end I end up racing him back. Even when he beats me, I'm the winner. Just being out there on the water and seeing him makes the whole day go well."

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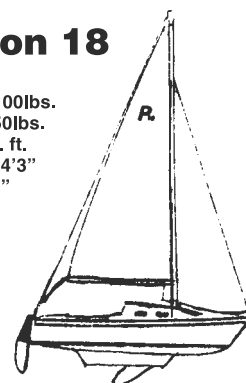
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19-LB TO 29-LB MODELS

This is the result of some thinking about boat design on a cool winter evening in the Northwest. The article is presented here to stimulate some discussion and thinking about the subject of boats with no conventional fittings for lateral plane. The accompanying "plan" does not represent a fully designed boat, but a concept to guide further work in completing the design.

I was thinking about Matt Layden's boat Paradox. It is equipped with what he has called "chine runners." Chine runners are relatively narrow and robust wooden fins which stick out horizontally from the chines. This boat has no leeboards, keel, or centerboard to provide lateral plane. This results in an open interior, no deep appendages, and no leeboards to fuss with. I wondered why the chine runners prevent leeway in sailing to windward. It appears that they do work since Layden reports the boat sails through a 51° angle into the wind.

Photos and plans of his boat show a fairly narrow hull which is deep in the water for her length and which sails at a good angle of heel. This suggested to me that it was the hull side which provided lateral plane and resistance to leeway. I reasoned that the chine runners act as end plates to prevent off flow from the hull side and, therefore, they improve the effectiveness of the hull side as the boat's only lateral plane.

The next step in my thinking was to consider how the effectiveness of a hull side as lateral plane might be improved. I reasoned that a straight-sided hull with minimum bottom rocker would provide a large flat surface for lateral plane. End plates would improve the effectiveness of the hull side for this purpose by preventing off flow.

So I set about designing a boat which would combine all of these features and some others which I thought worthwhile in a small cruising boat. The drawing is the result. As mentioned, this is not a plan for building but only conceptual drawing. There has been no attempt to determine the center of buoy-

Hull End Plates

By Tom Fulk

ancy, to determine the draft, or to determine the size, type, and placement of the sail plan. There are a number of unproved assumptions. Some comments follow.

The hull sides are ½" plywood. In the way of the bow and stern quarters the side panel is made of two layers of ¼" plywood which are laminated over a curved form. This was done because the curve of the hull side was considered too severe for bending a single thick sheet. These curved and laminated sections join to the flat portion of the hull side with scarf joints which fall 6" into the flat area.

The bottom of the boat in profile shows a dead flat area amidships which comes in the same position as the dead flat hull sides.

The bottom is two layers of plywood, one put on first which is ½" and one put over it which is ¼". This provides an opportunity to mount the end plates flush with the bottom of the boat. In the way of the end plates the ¼" plywood layer is cut away and the end plate fills the gap for a flush bottom.

The end plates are made of ¼" stainless steel and are bolted through the bottom to the chine logs with carriage bolts. They are inlet into the bottom so they are flush with the bottom. The chine log is robust in this area and measures a full 2"x3". Chine logs in the end quarters are laminated of Douglas fir sawn to shape in plan view and laid up over a curved form shaped to profile before installing.

The cabin is decked with a well-rounded deck and there is a 2' wide walkway down the centerline. All sail and anchor handling can be done from inside the boat rather than from on deck.

The aft 3' of the boat is also decked over with a well-crowned deck.

The cockpit has 12" wide side decks.

The high and well-rounded cabin deck,

the narrow walkway, the decked over stern area, the wide cockpit decks, and the inside ballast are intended to make the boat self-righting up to 90 degrees of heel. No model has been made to test if this is true and it might be necessary to reconfigure the cockpit side decks if they fall below the waterline with the boat heeled 90 degrees. It might be necessary to move the cockpit coaming to the alternative location shown in the drawing.

There are 432lbs of interior ballast, divided into two parts. Each is a poured in place concrete block which measures 4'x18", 3" thick. There are reinforcing bars for these blocks and left in place forms. These blocks fit under the berth flats. This ballast was provided because the narrow centerline cockpit will prevent the use of body weight on deck for righting moment. They also are intended to help immerse the hull to provide sufficient hull depth for effective lateral plane.

The two berths are 6'6" long and 28" wide. They extend under the cockpit below the bridge deck. This leaves space forward of the berths and under the bridge deck on the centerline for stowage, including a portable toilet and a galley box. The berth cushions will fit in the cockpit also for hot nights in some locations.

There is a removable hard cover with a Lucite insert for the central walkway. Underway it is stowed on one of the berths and slid aft under the cockpit seats. There is also a drop board for the companionway which can be locked. Leakage of rain around the mast when the walkway is covered is mitigated with a canvas sleeve.

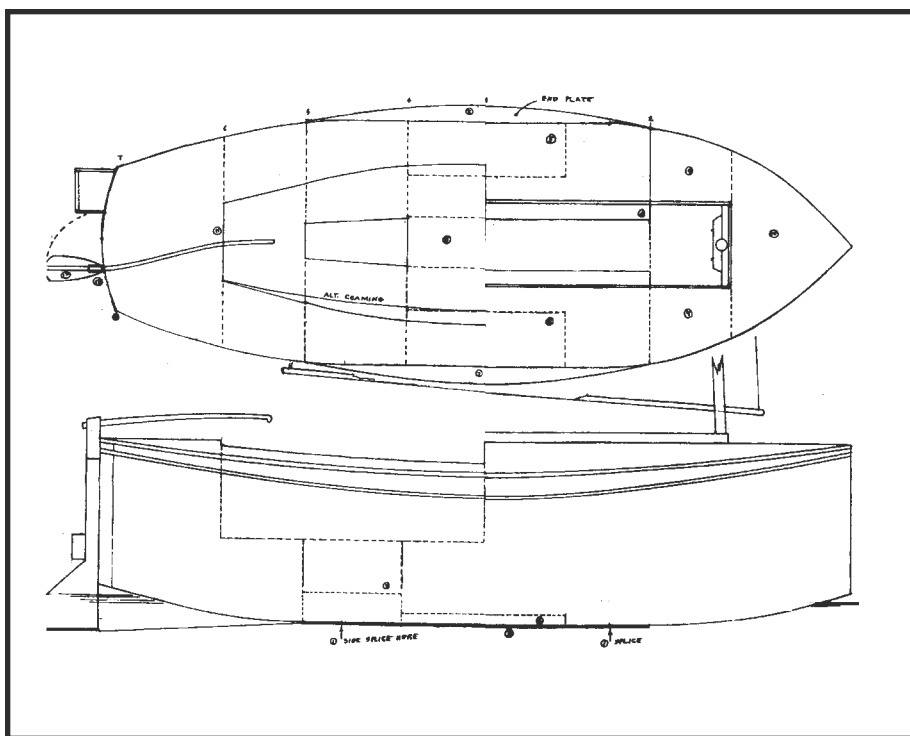
The rudder is transom mounted. It has an end plate and mounts behind a skeg. The aft tip of the skeg is the deepest part of the boat. The skeg and rudder are off-center so the end plate will clear the outboard motor propeller when the rudder is turned, but not if both the rudder and the motor are turned in different directions. A useful device would be an articulated arm which joins the motor and the rudder so they cannot be turned independently. With this attachment steering would be improved and could be accomplished with the tiller alone.

A small, probably 4hp, four-stroke motor is mounted off center on a transom bracket. Fuel is stowed under the footwell grating. The motor would be operated with the turning mechanism set up tight and steering would be with the rudder. The motor tips out of the water when not in use. One of the shortcomings of the design is that the motor is difficult to reach from the cockpit because it is behind a deck which is 3' wide and it is 2' down the transom. It is necessary lay on the deck with feet in the cockpit to reach the motor.

The rudder needs some work. An alternative with a swinging blade is shown. It might have to be deeper because as the boat heels it will lose immersed rudder area. The lead of the lift line needs to be checked, too.

The next step in designing this boat would be to build a model and test the self righting characteristics. Also, if rigged with sail some sailing trials could be conducted to determine effectiveness of the hull shape with end plates as lateral plane to prevent excess leeway. An estimate of weight would be needed to verify the draft. The immersed section shapes would be used to determine the center of buoyancy and the placement of the ballast.

If the boat was built and the concept of hull end plates proved ineffective, leeboards could easily be installed on the flat hull sides.



VHF Radios: The radio is dead! Turn up the volume, nothing! Something is wrong! Actually, nothing is wrong. Nobody is talking. When the squelch is turned off, static comes over the speaker. Ah, things are all right! A non-working radio is not a good device on a boat. One might need it on the water to call for assistance or to contact another boat. Many people carry two radios on their boat (a fixed and a hand-held) as well as a cell phone. It is interesting to head into a marina and do the contact with the cell phone. The marina staff might be away from the radio, but the marina cell phone is in someone's back pocket (or clipped to his belt).

The VHF radio is line of sight with repeater towers at intervals along the coast (Apalachee Bay still has some "dead areas"). Cell phone towers are being erected along the coast to accommodate the coastal dwellers and their cell phones. Between the two options one is probably going to be able to reach someone from a boat.

When on the water our boat's VHF radio is set to Channel 68. This is the local common use channel. My radio has the option to set one channel and then the Channel 16 button is pushed to set the radio to 16. I can change channels with a touch of a button. The radio is left on 16 unless someone calls us and then we switch to 68. Every so often we will hear someone trying to reach the Coast Guard in Panama City or the Auxiliary at Shell Point via the repeaters. If there is no response to their call, we will respond so they know someone is listening and then relay (if necessary) their request to the Auxiliary station. Sometimes the Auxiliary can hear them after being alerted to the faint call and sometimes not. If the boat is in one of the "dead zones" we become the relay for the moment.

Of interest, one time, was a call for a boat from the Shell Point Auxiliary radio station. I knew that the boat was on its way to Tampa and by this time was out of radio range for Shell Point. I responded to the call with the information concerning the probable location of the boat. The Auxiliary called Coast Guard St Pete via their landline and the St Pete station was able to reach the boat with the emergency message. What good it does to tell someone that there was a medical emergency in Tallahassee when they were off Crystal River in a sailboat making 4kts is questionable. But that was what the message was all about (as I learned later from the Auxiliary personnel at Shell Point).

Either those who boat have become more knowledgeable or the FCC has been effective in identifying the abusers. The CB radio was not very directional and one simply had to put up with the nonsense. A VHF radio can be located via two directional receivers. In any event, in the Apalachee Bay area one seldom gets the "babble" on VHF 16 that used to be common on the CB "call" channels. Hence, my "dead" radio as noted in the first paragraph.

Staying Warm: One not listed piece of safety gear that was talked about at a recent program on cave exploration is a large plastic bag (a leaf bag). The bag is an emergency person warmer/moisture protection device. Granted, one can carry some of the high tech "space blankets" but the large leaf/debris bag is rather inexpensive and stores nicely out of the way. If someone gets really cold and/or wet, cut a hole in the "bottom" of the bag for their head and put the whole thing over them. The plastic holds in the body heat and wards off the moisture and

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

cold. According to the person making the presentation, he used such a bag when things went wrong while exploring a cave to avoid hyperthermia while awaiting rescue. It might be nice to carry a few on your boat.

The non-emergency side of staying warm on the boat is using a variety of heaters available. On most small boats the galley "stove" is sufficient for the need. An oil lamp can also provide heat and light. If tied to the dock with shore power, a 100-watt bulb with a large metal container over the bulb (restaurant soup can) will provide heat without the danger of fire. Be sure to mount everything so it does not turn over in the night if the boat rocks or pitches.

Heat while underway can come from the inboard (or I/O) engine with a bypass from the hose leaving the engine to a radiator and back to the engine. One rig I saw used a car's engine water heater coil with a bilge exhaust fan for air flow. Warm air flowed into the cabin while the engine was operating and the fan running. The diverted water flow had a cutoff valve at each end to stop the water flow in the summer and a switch for the fan. It was a rather neat arrangement and did not interrupt the flow of water through the engine. The bypass hose simply required another gallon (or so) of water to cooling system.

Electric Horns: My electric trumpet horn has ceased working. I emailed the manufacturer about a wiring diagram (it is out of warranty) and received a response that the internal wiring diagram was not available and they did not sell the "horn" part of the device as a separate item. I sent out an email to a nautical group for ideas and received a good deal of advice that I thought I would include in this column in case one of you has a problem with your electronic trumpet horn. Among the items to check when the horn stops working are wasps or other critters that might have nested in the trumpet part; the button may have stopped working, try jumping the contacts; the diaphragm may be cracked; the "points" of the internal contact may be worn or corroded; the seals may fail and the horn will slowly corrode inside the housing.


What I found out when I took the horn carefully apart was while power would go into the electromagnetic coil, none came out the other side. Somewhere inside the coil was either corroded or broken. One of those responding to my request of assistance noted that, "the sharp turn of the wire as it leads into or out of the coil form weakens the enamel insulation and corrosion sets in. The other likely failure spots are at the ends where the wire may be spot-welded or soldered to connections. These coils are small centers of perverseness in the universe. The point where the winding begins (center of the coil) that is tough to get to is the usual break spot."

I have ordered a new electric trumpet horn. This time I am getting one with a five-year warranty as I have found that the horn part fails after about two to three years. In the meantime, I have a number of nice, stainless steel trumpet parts available if anyone has the horn part and needs the trumpet part.

Rudder Parts: We have two dogs. One is fairly old and does not do well climbing stairs. The other one is younger but has strained something and we wish to keep him from climbing the two flights of stairs at our cottage at Shell Point. At present we are using a plastic "fence" to close off the stairs at the top and a removable metal wire gate at the bottom. I am working on a gate for the top that will swing in or out as needed. There is also the need to be able to remove the gate when a major storm is coming (ie, a hurricane) to keep down the number of things that might blow away and damage someone else's home.

After looking at the various hinge configurations available at the local home improvement discount centers, I decided to use gudgeons and pintles as the hinges. I get a full swing of the gate, a good hinge connection to the framing, and can easily remove the gate when necessary.

Stainless Steel: Stainless steel is supposed to be non-magnetic. I have found that some stainless steel rigging wire will react to a magnet. I have been told this is due to the manufacturing process. Other people say that the wire is simply not stainless. What I have found of interest is running a magnet over screws that were supposed to be stainless and having some of them attach themselves to the magnet. Since I do not want my "stainless steel" screws corroding on me later when they will probably be in a hard-to-reach location, I use a magnet to check on the screws before I use them. It is a quick, simple operation and provides a sense of sureness. My magnet came from a discarded speaker. It is a somewhat elegant solution that makes use of something that would otherwise be discarded.



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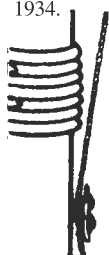
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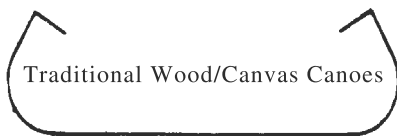
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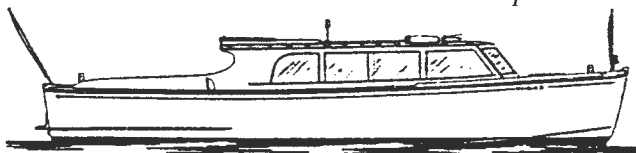
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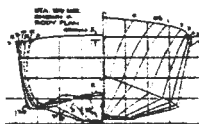
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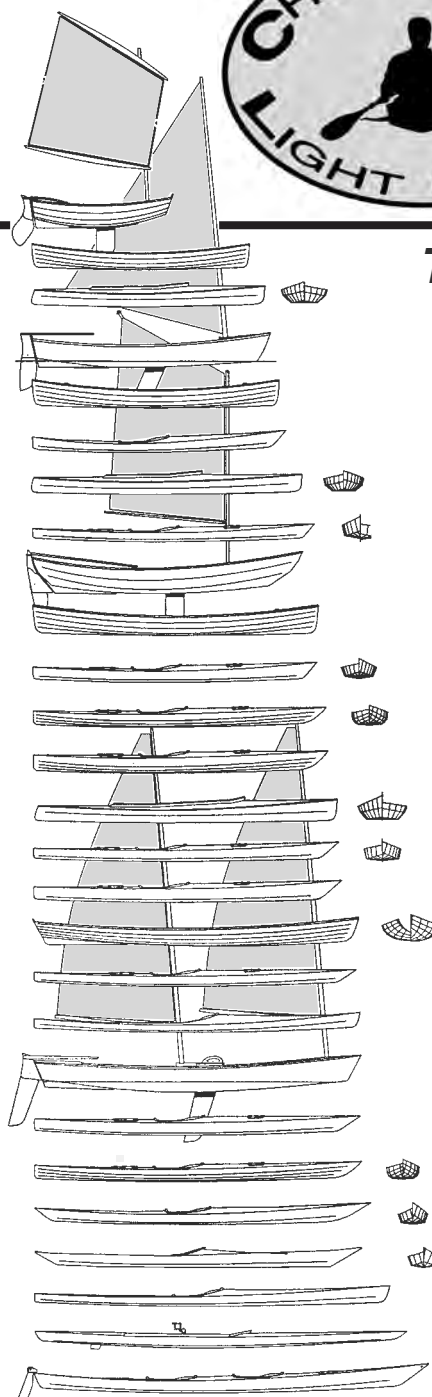
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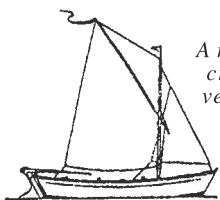
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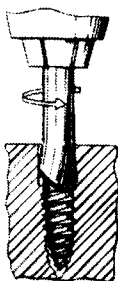
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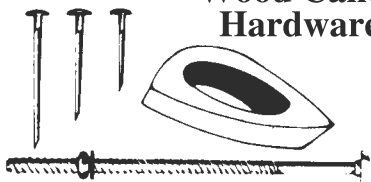
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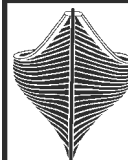
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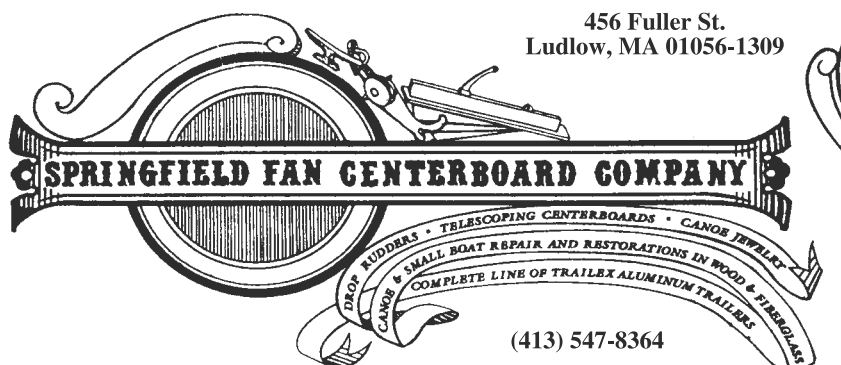
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Sunfish Hull, any year in gd shape. Have most of gear but more wouldn't hurt. Can pay up to \$200 if needs be & travel New England region/eastern NY state to pick up. No trlr needed. Can pay more if all sailing gear etc w/it. Needing minor repairs OK. Do you have 2 you are not using you want to sell as pair? We can talk. Yes, I know, madness lies that way. One? Maybe better... E.C. CASS, Skowhegan, ME, (207) 683-2435, dc.cass@gmail.com/ (7)

Sunfish, in NJ area. GARY RAYNOR, Little Egg Harbor, NJ, (609) 296-4129 (6)

Vintage Craft Wanted: The Passaic River Boat Club in northern NJ, as part of its efforts to bring back recreational boating to the lower Passaic River, is embarking on an initiative to celebrate the rich maritime history of this local waterway. As part of this initiative we are interested in acquiring through donation any vintage watercraft that could be used as part of our effort to educate the public about this waterway and showcase the river's rich maritime history. These watercraft would ultimately be part of a future club event, the Passaic River Maritime Heritage Festival. No major project boats please, but reasonable tlc is ok. Trailerable (to 20') is preferred. More details available: ED MARCHESE, Clifton, NJ (973) 779-6283 (n2te@yahoo.com)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Bandit 15 Boom, 7' aluminum boom rigged for a loose footed sail and mid-boom sheeting. Exc cond. Nice adjustable outhaul. \$75 + shipping or you pick up. ALAN GLOS, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 655-8296, aglos@mail.colgate.edu (7)

Dacron Sails, Thunderbird main & genoa, Snipe main & genoa jib, Comet main & jib. ED YOUNIE, Dublin, NH, (603) 563-8522. (7)

GEAR FOR SALE



Forward Facing Rowing, w/sliding seat in your canoe. Made in America. EZ-ROW, INC, PO Box 275, Taylors Falls, MN 55084-0275, (877) 620-1921, www.ez-row.com (7P)



Ash Cleats Pair, \$30 delivered. WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Road, Garden, MI 49835 (410)

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half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

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Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. T Shirt \$18, Long Sleeve T \$23, Sweatshirt \$30, Tote Bag \$18. Shipping \$5.00 on orders up to \$25, add \$2 for each additional \$25. THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Road, Silver Spring, MD 20901. 877-637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)



NEW! GOT WATER? T-Shirt, w/all profits going to support The SAFE HAVEN Project & Newfoundland Dog Rescue in North America. Show your support for these Gentle Giants when you wear this great Scuba Doo Newfie T-Shirt! 100% Heavyweight US made yellow cotton. Large front imprint. Sizes: Medium-XLarge \$17, 2XL \$19. S&H \$6.95US for 1 shirt. Send check or MO. ALEXANDER BRIDGE (SH), 275 Myette Rd, RR#1, Afton, NS, BOH IAO Canada, (902) 232-2750, njor.sport@gmail.com (TF)

Marine Engines: '49 Gray Marine 4-cyl Scout w/ trans, shaft, prop, thru hull hdw. Running when removed from boat. \$1,400. Fairbanks Morse Diesel, 2-cyl 38hp w/trans, shaft & prop. JAMES DOOLAN, Middlebury, VT, (802) 388-4119 (6)

Marine Engine, antique Universal "Fisherman", 1-cyl, about 5hp w/reversing gear. Gd cond. \$500. DAVID RUTHERFORD, Cape May Pt., NJ, (609) 884-7549 (6)

GEAR WANTED

Lead Wanted, I need 800lbs for a keel for a Bolger designed Herreshoff-12 that I am building. Scrap lead, an old keel, tire weights will do. Located in eastern MA, please. I will pick up. JOHN FISKE, Prides Crossing, MA, (978) 921-5220, johnfiske@comcast.net (6)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



Egret 17' Skin-on-Frame Kayak, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions. \$55. SASA for more info. ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, P.O. Box 256, West Mystic, CT 06388. (1209)

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.COM: Customer photos, FREE how-to information, on-line catalog. Or send \$9 FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00. GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet. DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

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WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT

Summer Rental, waterfront property w/boat slips for summer rental in East Hampton, NY. 3 bedroom, 2 bath house on beautiful Three Mile Harbor, with quick access to Gardiner's Bay, a perfect place for sailing & kayaking. Slips can hold 2 boats up to about 25' w/draft no more than about 4'. House, which can sleep 8, is located on quiet 1/2 acre wooded lot & overlooks private boat marina. Boathouse for storing gear & on-site kayaks is available for use. See www.vrbo.com/230252. Contact me for more details & photos. SUSAN JEWETT, East Hampton, NY, (703) 674-8089, jewettsusan@gmail.com (7)

MISCELLANEOUS MARITIME RELATED WANTED

Seeking Angel with Adventure Capital, for revolutionary sailing houseboat (see "Stubby and Her Pendulum Rig" in this issue). Let's build an idea together. seashantyboats.com. (7)

Messing About in Boats Boatshed Cleanout

Long term task of getting rid of stuff in barn, boatshed, and other outbuildings is underway and here are some boat-related items that will either sell by the end of June or go to the dump. All prices are firm and shipping (if any) is extra.

BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906 7-10am, 5-9pm. No machine, maib.office@gmail.com (7)

Marconi Mains & Jibs, from 17' Town Class sloop, 2 sets. Suitable for similar size small sailboat project. Main: luff 18', leach 21'6", foot 10'6". Jib: luff 12'6", leach 11', foot 5'. Stored carefully in sailbag many years ago, found to be still in exc cond. Both mains have slides for track & boom, no battens. Both jibs have battens, 1 has brass hanks for forestay, other has zippered luff and some staining. \$100 & \$75.

Aluminum Spar, 14"x3" oval gold anodized mast, slotted for sail slugs, ss tangs for shrouds, mast top pulleys. Looks like top off longer mast cutoff at some point. \$25. Not shippable.

Used Brass Sail Track, 3/4", 22' in 4 sections, 10', 7'6", 3', 2'. \$20. Not shippable unless 10' section is cut.



4 Paddles: 7'6" kayak plastic/alum (\$10), 7' kayak plastic (\$10), 5' plastic spare (\$5), 5' canoe wooden (\$5). Kayak paddles are two-part can be feathered.

31 WoodenBoat Back Issues, 2002 (Sept/Oct & Nov/Dec), 2003 full year, 2005 full year, 2006 (Mar/Apr missing) 2007 full year, 2008 full year. Sell as lot only. \$25.

Gale Force Heavy Weather Suit, jacket w/hood & bib overalls, red & white. Like new cond. Size M fits 6', 175lb person. \$50.

Runabout Windshield Parts from '57 White 17' lapstrake o/b, 4 - 10" chrome opening brackets \$12 set, 2 side window glass panes, no frames \$10 set, 2 main windshield glass panes no frames (1 has crack) \$10 set. Glass is safety glass.



Mahogany Handrails, 8 pieces, never on boat, used by 98 year old mother for walking support handrails around her house in 2000. 1 - 64" (\$5), 3 - 32" (\$3 ea), 2 - 24" (\$2 ea), 2 - 12" (\$1 ea.)

SS Standing Rigging, 1/8" w/swaged bronze end fittings. 7 pieces, 1 - 10'6" (\$5), 2 - 13' (\$5 ea), 3 - 20' (\$10 ea), 1 - 26' (\$13).



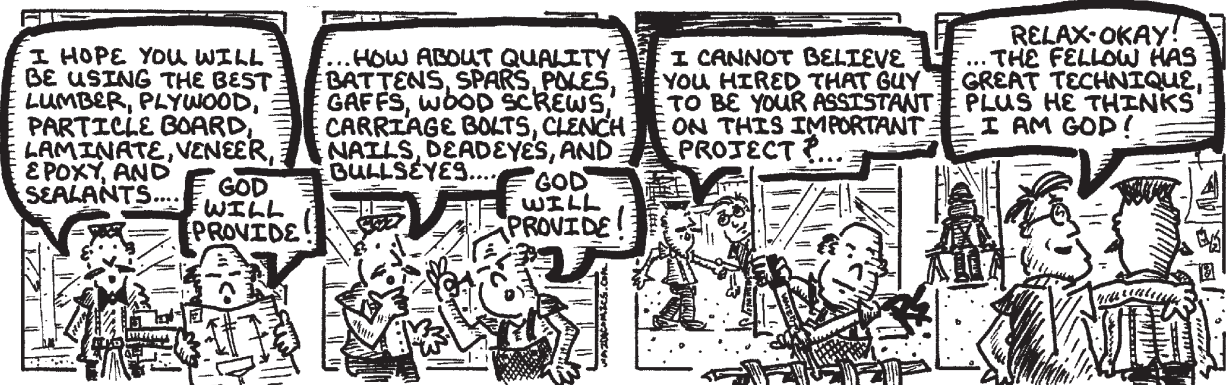
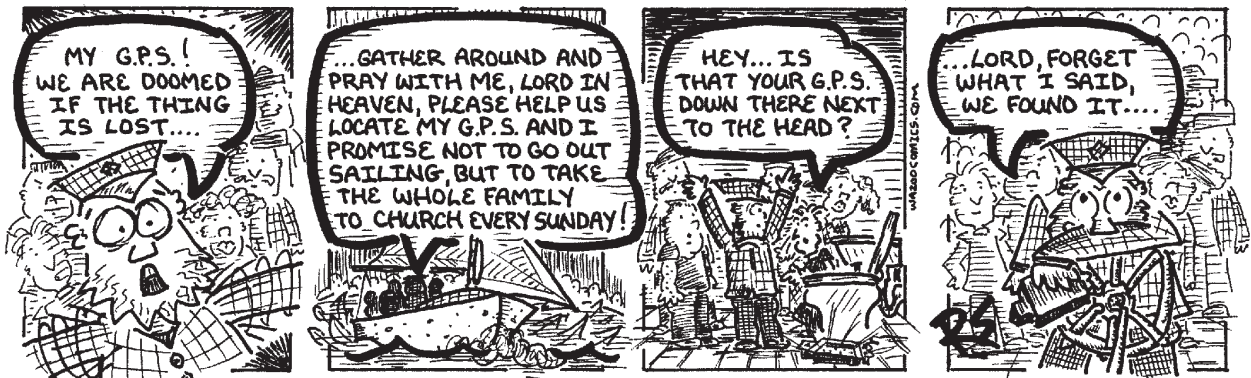
Outboard Remote Control, Gale Bosun w/14' cables, all fittings. \$25.

Things You Should Know About Publication of Your Classified Ads

If we receive your ad just before going to press, there will be a two-week interval during printing before the issue containing it will be mailed, and a further ten days to two weeks in the mail is added to the interval before your ad will be in readers' hands. If we receive your ad just after going to press, up to another two weeks will be added. Thus it can be from three to six weeks before your ad will appear. You can receive up to two more issues after sending in your ad before it will appear. It will not be in the next issue you receive for certain.

Shiver Me Timbers *By: Robert L. Summers*

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Guys,

Thought you might enjoy this photo. During a cold river race, 162 canoes, wind gusts to 45. I was doing clean-up after the race, retrieving 4 paddler-less canoes hung up on rocks, logs and islands. In this photo, I was talking on the radio, steering the dory down some swift but smooth waters with one hand on the oar. (And, yes, I was accused of not having both oars in the water.)

One recovery was in a bad eddy with three converging currents and I slid the dory in along side an overturned canoe. A crowd of on-lookers were murmuring: "How did he do that?" One 2-man kayak, imported from Germany, (\$5,000 +) was bent at a 90 around a log, flattened to 6 inches. The river was angry that day and encouraged by 40 mile an hour winds but the dory not only threaded the needle for 12 miles of nasty water but worked recovery also. And this was only my 3rd time in the boat. Me and this boat are going to get along just fine.

Nelson Haas, Mountaineer Search and Rescue Emporium, Pa.

Upcoming Shows

June 6-7 Fairport Canal Days, Fairport, NY **
June 19-21 Antique Boat Show, St Michaels, MD **
June 20-21 Crafts at Rhinebeck, Rhinebeck NY
June 26-29 Wooden Boat Show, Mystic Seaport, CT **
July 3-4 Berkshire Arts Festival, Great Barrington, MA **
July 17-19 Antique Boat Show, Hammondsport, NY **
July 17-19 Lakeside Living Expo, Gilford, NH **
July 24-26 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Skaneateles, NY **
July 31-Aug 2 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Clayton NY **
Aug 7-9 Maine Boats, & Harbors Show, Rockland, ME **
Sep 11-13 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival, WA **
Oct 8-12 US Sailboat Show, Annapolis, MD
Oct 15-18 US Powerboat Show, Annapolis, MD

** Indicates On-Water Demos

